

First Full Stories Of Daring Exploits By The Navy And The R.A.F.

100 PLANES IN EPIC AIR BATTLE

Special To "The People"

YESTERDAY, FOR THE FIRST TIME, WERE REVEALED FULL DETAILS OF TWO GLORIOUS FEATS BY BRITAIN'S FIGHTING FORCES IN THE AIR AND AT SEA—EPIC DEEDS FULLY IN KEEPING WITH THE TRADITIONS OF THE R.A.F. AND THE NAVY.

The first thrilling story is that of the biggest air battle in history when Britain's Wellington bombers, outnumbered and out-maneuvred by swarms of fast Nazi fighting planes, fired shot for shot in a furious scrap over Wilhelmshaven and brought down twelve of Germany's latest fighters. Nearly 100 machines took part in the battle. Britain lost seven bombers.

The second, and equally thrilling, story is that of the submarine Ursula, whose officers and men took her through Nazi minefields—"Hitler's cabbage patch" to our submarine service—and sank a German cruiser of the Köln class south of Heligoland.

These stories will live. They are of the stuff of Britain itself, the imperishable record of men who, every day, are ready to face any peril, take on any odds, that the Allies may fight their way to victory.

GERMAN ALARM

Only yesterday was it possible to gain a clear cut picture of the terrific air duel over Wilhelmshaven last Monday. From reports of individual members of the bombers' crews, and from the mass of information in possession of the Air Ministry, the following graphic story is reconstructed:—

It seems probable that the German command was very dissatisfied with the result of the operations off Heligoland on December 3, in which a formation of Wellingtons attacked warships and hit two cruisers.

On that occasion large numbers of Messerschmitts were despatched to intercept the formations, the approach of which had no doubt been reported by the German air warning organisation at sea.

But, though the Messerschmitts succeeded in intercepting our bombers, their attacks were ineffective, and they failed to make any impression on our close and strong formations of Wellingtons. At least one Messerschmitt was destroyed and others forced down.

It seems probable that the German Command were thoroughly alarmed at the ease with which this effective attack was carried out without any loss to the bombing formation.

Accordingly, in the hope of preventing a repetition of such attacks, they ordered up a number of crack squadrons from elsewhere, probably from the Western Front, to reinforce the defences on their north-west coast.

These units have been lately armed with the Messerschmitt 110, a very fast twin-engine fighter of the latest type.

FIERCE FIGHTING

As our formations entered the Heligoland Bight on December 18, they were almost immediately met by enemy fighters, though not at that time in large numbers. These fighters were easily disposed of, and only one attempted the desperate task of closing with one of the bomber sections, and was immediately shot down.

But as the group of formations approached its objective at Wilhelmshaven, the skies began quickly to fill with German fighters of various types, mainly the two Messerschmitts, and they soon began to close on our formations and attack them from all directions.

The fighting quickly became intense as the crack fighter squadrons strained every nerve to find means to break down our close and tightly packed sections. Then, as the bombers came over Wilhelmshaven they were exposed to the full blast of the anti-aircraft defences of the naval base.

(Continued in Back Page)

THE
BULL-DOG
BREED
THEY BRING HOME
THE BACON



U-Boats Checked

OUR IMPORTS ARE LEAPING

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

DESPITE MINES, U-BOATS AND ARMED RAIDERS, OUR SEAMEN ARE BRINGING HOME THE GOODS. FOR EVERY THREE SHIPS THEY BROUGHT INTO OUR PORTS DURING THE FIRST MONTH OF THE WAR, THEY ARE NOW BRINGING FIVE.

Every day they are bringing into harbour nearly £3,000,000 worth of meat, wheat, butter, bacon, cotton, petrol, wool, iron ore, timber and other essential materials.

In September they had sudden difficulties and disorganisation to face. They only brought £50,000 worth.

In October they increased the figure to £61,000,000.

In November, the third month, they had raised it to £84,000,000. And it is still increasing.

Here are some of the cargoes which they piloted safely into our harbours sometimes from 12,000 miles away, last month:—

Wheat and flour £4,000,000, live animals for food £1,400,000, meat £8,500,000, butter, cheese, etc., £5,900,000, fruit and vegetables £2,600,000, tea, cocoa, coffee, etc., £6,280,000, other foodstuffs £9,000,000. Essential materials for our industries included:—

Cotton £6,500,000, wool and other textiles £3,000,000, copper, tin, zincs, etc. £2,200,000, timber £2,200,000, paper-making materials £2,000,000, seeds and nuts for oils and fats £3,000,000, rubber £1,500,000, machinery £2,000,000, chemicals £1,400,000, oils and fats £5,300,000.

Thanks to the skill and courage of the Royal Navy, the merchant navy and the R.A.F., 99 out of every 100 British ships that set out with these foodstuffs and materials from the four corners of the earth are reaching our shores safely.

DANES' BREAD RATION

Copenhagen, Saturday. Bread and other products are expected to be rationed the same as coffee and tea in Denmark, says the Copenhagen newspaper "Ekstrabladet," because of the difficulty of importing grain in war time.

R.A.F. BUSY BUT—

Frost Stops War On Land

Paris, Saturday.
THE weather on the Western Front is bitterly cold—far colder than is normally experienced in England at Christmas time. Everywhere the ground is white with frost.

The troops are swinging their arms and stamping their feet in their outposts, and there is practically no activity by patrols. The Germans have not left their advanced lines at all during the past 24 hours.

On the other hand, the clear, bright days have led to intense air activity.

Allied planes have been busy photographing the German lines so that the slightest change in the fortifications or signs of fresh activity can be detected.

Allied fighters went up over 100 times yesterday. German reconnaissance planes were also busy over the eastern region of France.—Reuter Special.

May Your
Christmas be
a Happy One!

Stalin Is Worried, Seeks Nazi Aid

Amsterdam, Saturday.
STALIN, perturbed by the failure of his ponderous war machine against the determination of little Finland, has sent an SOS to Hitler for help.

News from several neutral sources confirms this fact.

According to one version, Moscow demanded four German warships immediately to help in the blockade of Finland. Grand-Admiral Raeder, still smarting under the Graf Spee disaster, is said to have put his foot down firmly and refused.

Another report says that Russia has asked for German Army senior officers

to be sent to put efficiency and discipline into the Red troops. This request may be granted. It would enable Hitler to form a better idea of Russia's real military strength.

These appeals to Hitler reflect the real dissatisfaction among the public of Moscow and Leningrad over the Finnish campaign.

Several minor mutinies have occurred among the Soviet troops, as well as mass desertions. Alarming stories of the true state of affairs are being spread by men who come back from the front.

Stalin, it is believed, will soon make a speech designed to improve the morale of the troops and the civilian population.—Reuter.

(See also Back Page)

GOERING'S BID FOR POWER

BY OUR DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENT

REPORTED intrigues in high Nazi circles may result in Field-Marshal Goering supplanting Hitler as head of the German Government. Goering, it is said, is bidding for the support of leading capitalists, the Navy, and Army officers of the Junker class.

Goering, in his bid for supreme power, is stated to be stressing the threat of a Communist coup d'etat in Germany—a threat which has aroused fear in the hearts of Army and industrial leaders.

The scuttling of the Graf Spee has

also aroused bitterness against Hitler in Naval circles.

It is believed that a "class" Government, with Goering as its head, and representing the landed, moneyed and military castes, would result in Communist declarations of class warfare. And it is doubtful whether such a Government would be given the full support of the German people.

Goering, once in power, might crush Communist risings. But Germany would pay the cost of a bitter civil war.



Goering

Anthony Fokker Dies

Britain Refused His Famous Plane

ANTHONY FOKKER, THE DUTCH AIRCRAFT DESIGNER, AN INVENTOR OF THE DEADLY FIGHTER PLANE WHICH GAVE GERMANY AIR SUPREMACY ON THE WESTERN FRONT IN 1915, DIED YESTERDAY IN NEW YORK. HE WAS ONLY FORTY-NINE.

He started experiments with gliders when he was nineteen, flew his first petrol-driven aeroplane two years later, and founded an aeroplane factory near Berlin.

Then he invented the Fokker fighter. He offered his designs to the British Government before the war—and they were turned down.

OFFERED £2,000,000

In his autobiography, published in 1931 under the title of "Flying Dutchman," he wrote:—

"I was informed after the Armistice that the English intelligence service in Holland had tried to forward me an offer of £2,000,000 if I would come out of Germany back to Holland.

The offer was intercepted by the German Secret Service. The Germans at once made him a naturalised citizen by military decree to prevent him leaving the country.

In 1915, several months ahead of the Allies, he invented the synchronised machine-gun firing through the blades of a propeller.

At the Armistice, Fokker, then only twenty-eight, found himself a multi-millionaire, but faced with ruin.

By bribery, he smuggled a whole trainload of 220 planes—which should have been handed over to the Allies—and 400 engines out of Germany into Holland, along with his entire fortune, converted into foreign currency.

He continued manufacturing planes in Holland, and (says the B.U.P.) his factory there is now producing for the Dutch air force a single-seater fighter with front and rear engines and propellers, and a new twin-engine bomber.

MAN WHO SANK THE ROYAL OAK

Berlin, Saturday.
LIEUT. - COMMANDER. PRIEN, Commander of the U-boat which entered Scapa Flow to torpedo the Royal Oak, returned with his submarine to German waters three days ago, says the official German News Agency.

He is stated to have "confirmed" that he torpedoed a British cruiser of the London class, and he also claims to have sunk 26,159 tons of enemy merchant shipping.—B.U.P.

U.S. ENVOY TO POPE

New York, Saturday.
President Roosevelt has appointed Mr. Myron C. Taylor, formerly chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, to be his personal representative at the Vatican.—Reuter.

THREE DAYS' RADIO
PROGRAMMES
BIG CASH
CROSSWORDS
PAGE EIGHT

Special to "The People"

FOLLOWING the arrival in Germany of the last batch of Nazi Consular officials from the British Empire, arrangements have been made for the release of British Consular officials still detained in Germany.

This party of fifteen are expected to reach Holland today on their way to England.

Names of the Englishwomen released by the Germans on Friday for return to England are:

Mrs. Helen McKenzie (and her son Herbert) Mrs. Chana (?) Goffey, Mrs. L. A. Swin, Mrs. Marie Rosenbergs, Miss Helene M. White, Mrs. Bronislava Goldberg.

Fifteen British women and one Australian still remain in the women's prison in Berlin.

The Consular officials who with their families are now on the way home to England are:

Mr. T. E. Wildman (Consul at Bremen), Mr. H. Bullock (Vice-Consul), Mr. C. E. King and Mr. A. Grant (Vice-Consul at Vienna), Mr. O. Neumark (Vice-Consul at Brno) and the following British consular officials from Prague—Mr. T. H. Kadlock (with wife), Mr. A. Olmers (with wife and daughter), Mr. J. Vondracek (with wife and two sons), Mr. P. Hejzlo.

They are all of British nationality.

The
Roots
Chemists
THE
FAMILY CHEMISTS
wish you all
a
HAPPY
CHRISTMAS



YOU WILL AGREE THAT—

We Should All Heil This Tickler

By "THE PHILOSOPHER"

TAKE THE VIEW THAT NEWSPAPER CRITICS WHO POKE FUN AT THE UNCONSCIOUS RADIO HUMORIST WHO PERFORMS NIGHTLY FROM "HAMBORSH," "BRAYMEN" AND ON THE THIRTY-ONE METRE BAND ARE DOING A DISSERVICE TO THIS COUNTRY.

We all agree that Haw-Haw, Hee-Haw, or what you prefer to call him, is a greater mirth-producer than half a dozen of our home-grown comedians rolled into one.

Remove him from the air and our nightly black-out will be intolerable. And nothing is more certain that he will be taken off if our newspaper commentators continue to give him the ribald raspberry.

We complain bitterly of the poor comedy fare provided by the B.B.C., yet even they have the "nous" to realise that Hee-Haw is a Heaven-sent blessing. Hence the deliberate policy of arranging programmes that do not materially compete with the Hamburg Jester.

For once in a while I find myself in complete agreement with the pundits of Broadcasting House, whose "arrangement" may, after all, be purely accidental.

Personally, I have a great admiration for our friend Hee-Haw. I am tempted to believe that all the surmises in connection with his identity and purpose in life are wide of the mark. He has, even by dull-minded people been accused of being a renegade Englishman.

I'M NOT SO SURE. MY OWN VIEW IS THAT HE IS NOT SO DUMB AS HIS RADIO ACT IMPLIES. NO MAN COULD PLAY THE FOOL SO EFFECTIVELY UNLESS HE HAD AN ULTIMOR MOTIVE.

Hee-Haw, my mind, is no more a renegade than you or I. In fact, I am ready to assert that he is to be numbered as one of the heroes of our time. Every day he may be risking his life for his country's sake.

He has, I believe, deliberately walked into the enemy's camp in order to serve his native land. Nothing will convince me that Hee-Haw is not in the pay of the British Intelligence Service.

He surely has been sent to Germany to keep us in a good humour. If I am wrong, then all I can say is that we are getting splendid value for nothing.

SO CONVINCED AM I OF THE SURPRISING FRIENDSHIP OF THIS RADIO MYSTERY MAN, THAT I AM TAKING THE RISK OF GIVING HIM A FEW HINTS TO HELP HIM TO DO HIS STUFF.

I suggest he comb the files of English weekly newspapers of

nearly a century ago. There he will find reports of Court proceedings concerning men and women who were executed or sent for long terms of imprisonment for comparatively trivial offences.

For instance, in those days in this disgraceful country, men and women were hanged for stealing a single sheep.

Men were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for insolence to superiors. They were similarly maltreated for spreading false information.

In fact, the common people of England in the last century were not regarded by their betters as human beings at all.

A few hours' leisurely browsing among the newspaper files would provide our friend with ample material for those evening broadcasts when his stuff might otherwise be regarded as poor.

These revelations could be put over without mentioning dates, and, as that scoundrel Churchill would say, "with some relish." And they would surely help to prove what a terribly oppressed race we Britons are.

BUT A WORD OF ADVICE TO YOU, MY FRIEND HE-HAW. YOU MUST ON NO ACCOUNT MENTION THE TRIVIAL OFFENCES FOR WHICH POOR GERMANS ARE BEING HANGED, IMPRISONED OR PUSHED INTO CONCENTRATION CAMPS EVEN IN THESE ENLIGHTENED DAYS.

That would spoil the picture. And remember, too, how odious would be such comparisons! Whatever else you do, my dear Hee-Haw, don't let the sneers of these unpatriotic English critics put you off. Keep their grinning comments away from little Joe Gobbels, or he might begin to suspect you're not playing the right tune, unless, of course, you still believe little Joe can't see a joke.

YOU ought to know, of course! You've taken so many risks that I don't suppose anything matters now!

By the way, Hee-Haw, I wouldn't, if I were you, lay too much stress on the repeated suggestion that the whole of the British Navy has been sunk, and that the few remaining undamaged German ships are still surrounding the British Isles. After all, we can only laugh once at the same joke!

P.S.—There is a rumour that two Gestapo men sit in the Studio with you to see that you keep a straight face. For the love of hilarity, don't give yourself away. Your King and Country need you. Heil Tickler!

THE TRAGEDY OF HELSINKI

Our Cameraman's Dramatic Pictures

The eyes of the World are on Finland!

Thousands of peace-loving people in its great progressive cities have become the victims of the most brutal aggression the world has ever seen. "Illustrated" out on Wednesday reveals the havoc and tragic wreckage of Russia's bombing raid on Helsinki—a series of remarkable dramatic photographs taken by our ace cameraman.

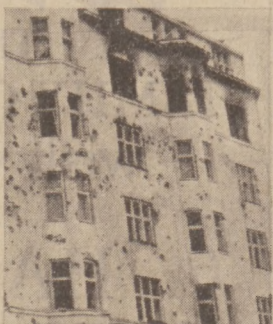
Also in this issue is a story in pictures everyone in Britain will want to see. The "Tommy's Xmas in France" what they did—what they ate—how they celebrated—"Illustrated" shows you in wonderful exclusive photographs.

There are pages of pictures, too, of London's Only Pantomime "Illustrated's" Monthly Picture Diary of the War. Britain's new Tanks... and, here is something different, a place where war—gasmasks—and A.R.P. are unheard of! "Illustrated" also has a grand Budget of complete stories by Hanner Swaffer, Gilbert Horsler, Hugon G. Iherhart and R. Howells Watkins, and joke drawings by A. G. Barrett, Bruce Bainsfather and Gilbert Wilkinson.

Don't miss Wednesday's "Illustrated"! Place an order with your newsagent for a copy and for future issues. It's the only way to make sure of getting "Illustrated" every week—the finest value for threepence in pictorial journalism.



SEARCH FOR SAFETY...



TWENTY WORKERS DIED HERE.

ILLUSTRATED OUT ON WEDNESDAY-3!

PRINCESS CHARMING



DORIS YORKE, "The Girl with the Violin Voice," who plays "Princess Charming" in the "Cinderella" pantomime at the New Theatre, Northampton, and, in Column Six...

A.R.P.-READY-WILL HAVE GOOD CHEER

Special to "The People"

ALTHOUGH Britain's well-oiled A.R.P. machine will be "at the ready" this Christmas, every man and woman worker will have at least one day off.

Not a single precaution is to be relaxed throughout the holiday but, by means of carefully planned rotas, most A.R.P. workers will be able to snatch a meal at home in between their Christmas Day duties.

So that the "regulars" can join in the fun, many voluntary workers are to take their places during the two-days holiday.

Hundreds of parties, concerts and dances have been arranged for off-duty hours, and the authorities may even smile on fun and games during working hours, so long as everyone is ready for an emergency.

At the London headquarters of the A.P.S. it was told that many ex-window dressers are included in their personnel, and they have shown their skill to advantage in decorating sub-stations.

Local councillors in many boroughs plan to tour A.R.P. posts, some of them subscribing to present workers with Christmas cheer.

At one London warden's post men and women on duty, although they don't know it yet, will be entertained by a well-known radio star.

Nearly 50 Sea Scouts will spend Christmas Day on the Thames as part of the river A.R.P. services.

PARENTS' GRIEF

TURNED TO JOY

In a home to which the war had brought sorrow, Christmas joy will now reign instead.

Captain and Mrs. E. Wimberley, of Westbourne-ave., Emsworth, Hants, were informed a few days ago that their son, Peter, aged twenty, was missing after the attack on Heligoland.

But they have now learned by cablegram that he is safe and a prisoner of war.

CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU

"THE PEOPLE" has pleasure today in offering warm congratulations to the following readers on the occasion of their wedding anniversaries:

Ruby.—Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hughes, Carr-la. East, West Derby, Liverpool.
Diamond.—Mr. and Mrs. S. Boyens, Broadhurst-av., Ilford; and Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Smith, Azenby-rd., Peckham.

Golden.—Mr. and Mrs. C. Vale, Heolddu-av., Bargoed; and Mr. and Mrs. G. Bore, Manvers-rd., Southsea; and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Richards, "Rose Cottage," Appleby; and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Eaton, Clyde-st., Stoke-on-Trent; and Mr. and Mrs. J. Harris, Cleveland-rd., Surliton; and Mr. and Mrs. E. Goddard (late of Brentford), Vickers-grove Farm, near Hitchin, Herts; and Mr. and Mrs. G. Andrew, Silver-st., Broughton, Northants; and Mr. and Mrs. Churchyard, Old Dover-rd., Canterbury; and Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Hitchin-rd., Arlesey; and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cupmore, Longland-cres., Stanmore; and Mr. and Mrs. D. Chapman, Meath-st., Battersea; and Mr. and Mrs. J. Williams, Upper Hanover-st., Sheffield; and Mr. and Mrs. H. Loughton, Vernon-rd., Northampton; and Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Ray, Edmondslay.

Silver.—Mr. and Mrs. L. Harvey, King Edwards-rd., Ponders End; and Mr. and Mrs. J. Ingram, Upper Font-rd., Maidstone; and Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Elliott, Whatman-rd., Forest Hill; and Mr. and Mrs. C. Palmer, Bishop-Kew-rd., Harrow Weald; and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Watersheddings, Oldham; and Mr. and Mrs. W. Draper, Barby-gdns., N. Kensington; and Mr. and Mrs. B. Whitehouse, Kitson-st., Leeds; and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Lavers, Railway-rd., Staines; and Mr. and Mrs. James Hurst, Friern-rd., E. Dulwich; and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bailey, Lym-rd., Ely; and Mr. and Mrs. R. Manchester, Randlesdown-rd., Catford; and

AS SEES IT

WHEN, THIS CHRISTMAS, WE SIT AROUND A TABLE LADEN WITH FOOD AND SURROUNDED BY CHEERY FACES, LET US ALL REMEMBER THOSE WHO MADE IT POSSIBLE.

H. F. Maltby, actor and dramatist, sent me the phrasing for what, used in the form of a toast, will well express our gratitude: "We thank you, gentlemen, on Sea, on Land and in the Air, for our food this day."

To some of them has been given the thrill of battle. To all has come the even greater strain—the long hours of vigil, the monotony of waiting.

Our gratitude, though, should not end in a toast, but in the resolve that, in all we do, we so behave that our soldiers, our sailors and our airmen are supported by the calm resolve of everyone at home.

USUALLY, at Christmas time, we think of the homeless, the folk who, in the streets outside, are cold and wretched. Nowadays, when social legislation has provided shelter, at least, for all who take advantage of it, the only homeless are those who prefer the "freedom" of the doorstep, the haystack or the barn.

1,500,000 Who Stand On Guard

THIS year, for the first time in Britain's history, the "people outside" will consist of 1,500,000 A.R.P. workers!

On Christmas Day, at any moment, 500,000 volunteers will be actually on duty, and another 500,000 will be within call! These are official Home Office figures.

In some big centres there will be no Christmas leave at all because the number of people available is only sufficient to man the first-line squads.

This applies to the London Auxiliary Fire Service. They are giving up Christmas leave altogether!

So we should include all A.R.P. workers in our thoughts.

For three months they have endured the boredom of waiting—for our safety's sake.

POOR Father Christmas is facing a dreadful time.

Perhaps the reindeer he drives come from Finland. There, the reindeer are disturbed by Russian guns... Even in Norway and Sweden, they must be nervous.

Usually Santa Klaus knows where the children live, for most of them are in the homes they slept in the year before.

This Christmas, over 600,000 of them,

LONDON'S ONLY PANTO



PATRICIA BURKE, who also plays "Princess Charming" in "Cinderella," the only pantomime in London's West End this year, which opens at the matinee London Coliseum on Boxing Day.

evacuated, are in new homes, scattered all over the country.

Perhaps, he will now call himself "Step-Father Christmas."

"Oh, I left my best stocking at home," some kiddies will complain. "This one's got holes in."

When Gracie is Tuned In

CONJURE up for yourself, on Christmas night, when Gracie Fields is on the air, the sight of the 2,000 Tommies in front of her. You will hear their cheers. They will be frantic. They will be the luckiest of all the soldier boys at the Front.

Gracie has given up her Christmas, which would have been gloriously sunny in Capri, to sing near the trenches.

They choose, by lot, nine men and one officer from each of the battalions nearest each of these concerts.

Well, the rest must do what we shall do—listen in, by wireless.

THEN, for the New Year, which is the Scotsman's holiday, Will Fyfe leads a company of his fellow-countrymen to France to sing to the

Scottish troops. He told me, the other day, of the joy to which he looks forward.

You would not believe it, but the B.B.C. tried to cut Gracie's broadcast down to a quarter of an hour! Only after protest was this time doubled.

Perhaps, now that I tell him what happened, F. W. Ogilvie will find out who it was tried to cut Gracie's act!

NO pantomime is not dead, despite the war. Usually there are 200 "pantos" in the whole country. This year there are nearly 500, for all sorts of small ones will tour the towns to which the children have been evacuated.

Film Actor Prefers The Animals

GEORGE ARLISS, known to most of you merely as Disraeli, the Duke of Wellington or Rothschild, was at the Animal Defence Society, the George Arliss whom I know better—the humanitarian.

Smiling towards Mrs. Arliss, next to him, he said, almost apologetically, "My wife sometimes confides to me that she thinks Man is almost the most awful creature that walks the earth."

From the time of the Stone Age, as we understand it, men were never more cruel than they are today.

"Are savages really cruel? Judged by our modern standards, scalping was little more than a comic incident, while war-paint and bows and arrows seem to belong to bed-time stories.

"The Red Indians I have met were the kindest possible people."

THEN Arliss did not think that Man compared well with the so-called "lower forms of creation."

"I never heard of any tigers who wanted to kill all the other tigers because they felt the need for expansion," he said.

"Only the human kills for the sake of killing."

"I hope that when the war is over there will be a sufficient number of animals left to set an example to us human beings!"

THE Duchess of Hamilton, who spoke at the same meeting, told of countless domestic pets for whom temporary homes had been found, but said that many problems had arisen.

"One woman who wrote in and asked for 'Betty' thought she was a small Pom," she said. "When she got her she turned out to be a giant St. Bernard."

"Then there was the woman who called me up and asked 'How is my cat? He's black and he's got long legs. I had to reply, 'We've got 300 cats like that.'"

The Duchess seemed to agree with Arliss over his Men v. Animals decision. "None of the hundreds of dogs we have sheltered ever fight," she said.

Always Remember Phensic WHEN YOU ARE - Sneezing - Headache - Running a Temperature

QUICK SAFE TREATMENT FOR

FEVERISH Colds & Flu

Immediately you feel the symptoms take Phensic. Phensic gets into the blood quickly, stops the growth of flourishing cold or flu germs, drives out through the kidneys and skin pores the poisons they have produced. This is a swift, safe, amazingly effective treatment. In a few hours NO TRACE of infection remains. Millions take Phensic; for them it is the only remedy possible. Phensic cannot harm the heart; cannot leave you depressed. Phensic prevents any lingering headache, stuffiness, dizziness, cuts out all after-weakness, braces you in mind and body.

CANNOT HARM THE HEART
Phensic
Pronounced "FEN-ZIK" Brand

QUICKEST AND SAFEST FOR COLDS AND INFLUENZA

General Gamelin's Christmas Message Of Faith To The B.E.F.

COURAGE OF OUR ARMIES IS UNCONQUERABLE

BRITAIN'S WAR CHIEFS SURE OF VICTORY

TRIBUTES TO THE UNCONQUERABLE COURAGE OF THE BRITISH ARMED FORCES AND THEIR FIRM CONFIDENCE IN VICTORY WERE CONTAINED YESTERDAY IN CHRISTMAS GREETINGS SENT TO THEM BY THE ALLIED WAR CHIEFS.

The goodwill messages came from:—

General Gamelin, head of the Allied armies in France;

Admiral Sir Charles Forbes, Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet;

General Lord Gort, V.C., Commander-in-Chief of the B.E.F., and

Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, Chief of Air Staff.

Their messages stated:

GENERAL GAMELIN: Soldiers of the British Empire, and particularly you who are serving in France under Lord Gort, I send you the very warm Christmas greetings of your comrades of the French armies.

The festival of Christmas stands for the future, and our effort in this war is creating the future. That future will be what we all mean it to be: for the courage of our men is unconquerable.

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES FORBES: Men and women of our Home Country and Empire, the officers and men of the Fleet I command send you their best wishes for Christmas.

Together with the other officers and men of the Royal and Dominion Navies, our comrades in the Army and Royal Air Force and our gallant French and Polish Allies, we are denying the use of the ocean highways to the enemy and keeping them open for our magnificent merchant navy and fishing fleet so that they can maintain the supplies which are essential to our existence and which, with your help, will enable us to win this war against a ruthless and unscrupulous enemy.

There is no easy road to victory, but, confident in the assurance of your support, I ask you to believe that we who go down to the sea in ships shall not fail in our task during the year that lies ahead.

VISCOUNT GORT: Once more within the memory of many of us a British Expeditionary Force is spending Christmas in France, and once again, under the leadership of a great soldier of France, the Allied armies stand united to resist aggression.

In the year that lies ahead difficulties and dangers will undoubtedly arise, as they have done in the wars of the past, but they will be surmounted owing, on the one hand, to the close understanding which today exists between the French nation and ourselves, and, on the other hand, to the knowledge that your thoughts are with us at all times whether the weather be fair or foul.

In whatever part of the Empire you may dwell, I extend to you all cordial good wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR CYRIL NEWALL: Times are changed this year, but not the spirit of Christmas, nor the traditions of the Royal Air Force, who, with vigilance and determination, are on constant service in the defence of the Empire.

Wherever they may be, members of the Royal Air Force are united this Christmas in one aim, confident of victory.

German Prelate's

"Blind Leaders"

Warning

Amsterdam, Saturday.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF MUNSTER, IN GERMANY, MONSIGNOR VON GALEN, HAS ISSUED THE FOLLOWING CHRISTMAS MESSAGE:

"No world conqueror, no teacher, has so far been able to say of himself: 'I am the Light of the World,' for to be the Light of the World means to be the Proclaimer of the Truth; it means to be the source of all moral forces."

"Only one has so far said it of Himself."

"He Who said it gave out of His Perfection the Light, and thereby the Life. Christ is an eternal source of life."

"That is why He warns the people who follow blind leaders. 'If the blind lead the blind, they both shall fall into the ditch.'"

"Christendom knows no compromises. You cannot serve Christ today and lie tomorrow."

—Reuter.

"Cook For Victory!"

KITCHEN

WAR ON

WASTE

Special to "The People"

"COOK FOR VICTORY"

MAY BE BRITAIN'S

NEXT WAR - TIME

SLOGAN.

At present food worth thousands of pounds is wasted each week by careless cooking, and the Government is considering ways and means of teaching housewives to be extra economical.

Day and evening classes for rich and poor may be introduced, recipe books distributed and bulletins issued on the most plentiful and cheapest foods.

If and when the campaign begins depends on the course of the war, but it is not likely to be introduced until the rationing scheme is functioning smoothly.

A Ministry of Food official pointed out recently that if everybody did without 1 lb. of imported foodstuff a week, one million tons of cargo space a year would be available for war materials.

THEY'VE MADE A MESS OF THE TURKEY!



Fed up (with turkey) and far from home, these lads of the B.E.F. have spared the cooks and spoiled the bird.

£2,000 Must Be Won

MAKE 1940 A GOLDEN YEAR!

"LET'S TRY A NEW GAME!" SOMEBODY'S SURE TO CRY AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTIES. BUT WHATEVER GAME YOU TRY, YOU CAN'T BEAT THE MONEY-SPINNING PASTIME OF "THE PEOPLE" CROSSWORDS!

This is the second and final week of the great holiday two-week offer. £2,000 is the magnificent sum that must be won, and the closing date is first post Saturday, December 30.

The first prize is £1,500 cash, and £500 will be divided between the first runners-up. Second runners-up will receive a box of seasonal goods.

"New Year Prosperity Crossword" is the title we have chosen for this mammoth contest. And with a cheque for £1,500, you certainly could start the New Year on a real prosperous basis.

Those opening days of January are the days when most of us need "a little extra" to help us to balance the Budget. With a £1,500 cheque, you could laugh at the New Year bills.

So, play the dear old Christmas games, by all means—but don't neglect the game that may put you in Easy Street for 1940!

Make a note to send for a book of Crossword Entry Vouchers as soon as the Christmas festivities are over. These vouchers will save you time, trouble, and more important still, money.

They are issued in books of eight 6d. vouchers price 4s. or in 10s. books containing 10 1s. vouchers or five 2s. vouchers, and can be obtained from the Competition Department, 6, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.

Another great aid to "People" Crossword enthusiasts is "The Competitor's World," a free magazine issued to assist competitors in their efforts to win the First Prize.

A specimen copy will be sent on application to the above address. Enclose a 6d. postal order (crossed /& Co. and made payable to Odhams Press Ltd.), for postage only, and a free copy will be sent to you each week for 12 weeks.

CROSSWORD No. 180

In connection with Crossword No. 180, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious answers on one square (see below) were those submitted by:—

Mr. J. J. Ashton, 14, Hampton-rd., Cadishead, Manchester; Miss Bulmer, 15, Fenice-st., Bolton; Mr. W. Fox, St. Saviour's Vicarage, Holy Park, Crouch Hill, N.; Mr. J. Howard, 98, Shakespeare-rd., Acton, W.; Mrs. M. McGuinness, 15, Queen's-rd., Newbury, Berks; Miss E. S. Rattray, 14, Devonport-pl., Millport, Bute; Mr. C. Webber, Williamthorpe-rd., North Wingfield, near Chesterfield; Mrs. A. Yeates, 27, Harding-rd., Gosport, Hants.

Subject to the terms and conditions of the competition, these competitors share the £2,000 first prize and will each receive a cheque for £250.

Any other entrant who believes that he, or she, submitted a square eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by not later than first post Thursday, December 28, sending £1 scrutiny fee, copy of all squares submitted, and postal order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Manager, "The People," 6, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

THE RUNNERS-UP

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the runners-up prizes.

First runners-up—173 competitors, from whom we received squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate answer compared with the best squares received, have been notified and will each receive the sum of £2 18s. 2d. and a grand box of Christmas fare.

Second runners-up—1,082 competitors, from whom we received squares inferior in merit by reason of only two less apt and accurate answers compared with the best squares received, have been notified and will each receive a box filled with seasonal goods.

All boxes of fare have been despatched and subject to the normal operation of delivery services the majority of these should be delivered to prize-winners before Christmas.

BRIDGE HELD HIM MORE THAN BRIDE

THERE was once a bridegroom who was such a bridge-fiend that, when he went on his honeymoon to Brighton, he insisted on taking his three bridge partners with him!

Next morning, his mind still gripped by the games he had planned to play with his partners, he declined even to go for a walk with his bride. Indeed, he told her to go out by herself.

This was the fearsome story related yesterday by a woman guest at a register office in London. It just shows what bridge can do.

THE POPE TO VISIT KING OF ITALY

Rome, Saturday. It was announced in Rome yesterday that the Pope is to break tradition by visiting the King and Queen of Italy at the Royal Palace.

During the visit, it is understood, the Pope will decorate Count Ciano, the Italian Foreign Minister, with the high insignia of the Golden Spur, and King Victor will invest Cardinal Maglione with the Grand Collar of the Annunziata.—Reuter.

"THE PEOPLE'S" CROSSWORD No. 180

The most meritorious answers used by competitors decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee were those shown in the square below.

F	B	E	L	T	G
H	A	T	E	C	A
W	O	R	D	C	A
L	N	H	T	T	A
O	P	C	O	K	E
S	E	A	M	L	E
T	O	W	O	D	C
N	A	P	S	H	E
D	M	A	S	K	H
L	O	A	L	T	Y
G	E	T	Y	E	P
L	I	N	E	S	

Extracts from the reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 180 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "The Competitor's World."

This free publication may be obtained on application. Send 6d. P.O. (made payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and crossed /& Co.) to cover postage for the next twelve issues. Address your envelope: "The People," Competition Department, 6, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

Santa Arrives By Warplane
B.E.F. All Ready To Celebrate

Paris, Saturday. FATHER CHRISTMAS will swoop from the skies to a little French town this year, not with his reindeer and sled, but in a lovely new aeroplane, chock-full of presents.

The R.A.F. billeted in the area have organised a huge party for the town's children. Father Christmas—in reality an Air Force officer—will be flying one of Britain's latest warplanes.

It is all part of the plans to keep this Christmas from being boring to British and French soldiers in the Maginot Line and other parts of the Western Front.

PLUM PUDDING

Even those in the advance lines, listening for signs of enemy movement and watching with their eyes glued to periscopes, will celebrate when other soldiers and airmen, who have already had their fill, relieve them.

The British have been assured of more than 50 tons of plum pudding. They are to receive, also, gifts of champagne and cognac from French organisations.

All sectors will listen to King George on the radio, hear a broadcast by Gracie Fields, and join dozens of concert parties.

Army transport trucks are carrying up more than 100,000 individual Christmas gifts, and thousands of soldiers' gift packets.

Christmas trees are being trimmed in huts and barracks, even in dugouts. Gifts on the trees will include games, chess boards, dart boards, cards, disc gramophone records ("passed by Censor"), and miniature billiards sets.—B.U.P.

Mothers Wanted

Love-Child "A Nazi Asset"

Berlin, Saturday.

CHILDREN born out of wedlock in times of national emergency are "valuable national assets," says Hitler's deputy, Rudolf Hess, in a "declaration regarding the problem of the unmarried mother," issued today.

The Nazi Party, he announces, will provide "war-father" guardians for them, and where necessary the State will provide financial aid.

Hess's declaration was made in reply to a letter from a young expectant mother whose fiancé was killed in the Polish campaign.

"The National-Socialist movement looks upon the family as the prolific cell of the nation," he says. "Conscious of the fact that the National-Socialist world philosophy has given the family the status which the community owes it, special measures deviating from fundamental rules, may be taken in times of national emergency."

"Especially in the war, which is claiming the lives of many men, every new life is of particular importance to the nation."

"Therefore, if young men who are called to the colours and who for some reason cannot marry, leave children, care will be taken for the upbringing of such valuable national assets."—Reuter.

FRENCH BEAT NAZIS IN TRADE PACT

Despite keen German opposition, a new trade treaty between France and Yugoslavia has been concluded and will come into force on January 1. It provides for a big increase in Franco-Yugoslav commerce.

Under the treaty, Yugoslavia will meet the service of all her debts to France, totalling about £1,000,000 annually, in the form of goods.

Meanwhile, according to British United Press correspondents, Germany and Sweden have signed a trade pact and Russia and Japan are contemplating doing so.

£600 BOX WAS "TOO HEAVY"

From Our Own Correspondent

Bromley Kent, Saturday. George Vinnall Smith, sixty-two of Seward-st., Beckenham, charged here today with converting to his own use £247 belonging to a local Christmas loan club, said he had put £200 in notes in a box at Portsmouth to register and send to the president of the club.

The box, he added, was too heavy to be accepted for registration. Detective-Sergeant Marsh said the box had not been received. They had, however, recovered £150 from another source. Smith was remanded in custody.

400 m.p.h. Bombers For Britain

Santa Monica, California, Saturday.

POSSIBILITIES of a \$11,000,000 order for a new type of 400-miles-an-hour light attack and bombing aircraft is being discussed here between representatives of the British Air Ministry and the Douglas Aircraft Company. The machines are an improved model of the "D.B.-7" bombers which the Douglas Company are manufacturing for the French Air Force.—Reuter.

"Wedding March" Christmas Record

IN REGISTER OFFICES GAILY DECORATED WITH HOLLY, MISTLETOE AND FLOWERS, CHRISTMAS WEDDINGS ARE TAKING PLACE THIS YEAR AT A PACE THAT BIDS FAIR TO BREAK ALL RECORDS.

Many of the bridegrooms are soldiers home on leave from France. Others are evacuation officials on holiday from the reception areas.

The wedding rush began at eight o'clock yesterday, the earliest hour it is possible to marry in England. From then until 6 p.m. there was a steady stream of couples.

Weddings took place at Edmonton at the rate of 20 an hour. A wartime note crept in when Mr. Walter Grimaldi, Superintendent Registrar, warned brides

not to forget to have their surnames changed on registration cards and ration books.

The Registrars will still be working overtime today, dealing with the "overflow" couples, and they will be on duty on Boxing Day as well.

Fifty-eight couples were married yesterday at Lambeth Register Office, the majority of the bridegrooms being in uniform: at Southwark there were thirty weddings.

Registrars cannot hope for a day off until after Christmas.

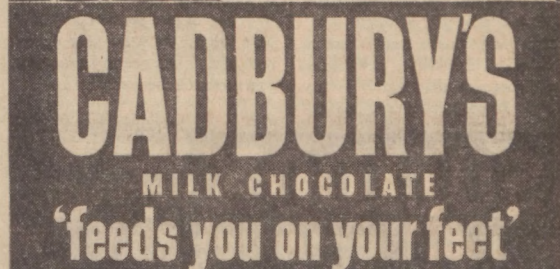
U.S. £10,000,000 LOAN FOR FINLAND REPORT

U.S. radio announced last night that negotiations were afoot in Washington for an "outright" loan to Finland of \$10,000,000.

Reports say that the loan could be used "for any purpose," including arms, and would be made as "a little tribute of confidence" in the Finnish cause.



There's a glass-and-a-half of fresh, full-cream milk in every 1 lb block of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate. It's the world's most delicious way of giving yourself quick energy.



Please buy THE QUEEN'S BOOK of the RED CROSS—price 5/-

The Christmas Box to guard your health



Worth a Guinea a Box

Lone Wolf OF THE SKIES



King George V presenting Mr. Albert Ball with the V.C. icon by his twenty-years-old son.

THE boy could feel the sun warm on his back through the thin cotton of his khaki shirt. Leisurely he turned the rich brown loam with a small hand trowel, whistling softly while he worked. He was happy in this little plot of ground. He loved the smell of the good earth, the sight of growing things.

It was quiet and very peaceful here, except that at regular intervals the air seemed to tremble with the sound of distant reverberations. The boy took no notice of these thunderous rumblings. They came from the big guns over the ridge, and they were as much a part of the day as the rising and setting of the sun.

He worked on, carefully planting the seeds that had arrived from his sisters in England, the previous evening.

Suddenly he cocked his head and knelt as still as a statue while his keen eyes roved the skies. There came, faintly at first, but steadily growing louder, the drone of aircraft engines. Low down in the sky over the German lines three black specks appeared flying in close formation.

Instantly the boy was tense and alert. He dropped the trowel.

There is strong temptation in these troubled times to retort brusquely to those who tell you to "keep smiling". Yet indeed they are right, (if the moment they choose is so often wrong).

For a worried face pulls others down, but a smile can go round the world. If you will but look into another man's eyes and smile you will, nine times in ten, see an answering smile begin. And if you should do it over the rim of a golden glass of Worthington, that smile will spread from the eyes to the heart—and last you the evening through.



looking youngster with the boyish smile sat writing a letter home. "Thank you for the seeds," he had been writing, "I got two more today."

What a strange mixture was this boy hero of the skies who laid out a lovely garden amid all the horror of war-time France and yet kept the mounting score of the enemy machines he brought down as carefully as any Western "badman" adding the notches to his gun!

Feared By The Red Squadron

By his skill and daring, his sheer genius in the air, this twenty-years-old son of a former Mayor of Nottingham won undying fame.

Today the name of Albert Ball, Captain Albert Ball, V.C. of the Royal Flying Corps, is still honoured.

Between 1916 and 1917 he became an almost legendary figure, feared even by Baron von Richthofen's famous Red Squadron.

He shot down forty-four enemy aircraft during his reign of terror before he himself was caught in a hall of lead and plunged to his death behind the German lines. Captain Ball, V.C., M.C., D.S.O. (two bars), Croix de Chevalier Legion d'Honneur, Russian Order of St. John!

What a magnificent record! And he but twenty when he was shot down from the skies, a mere boy with a seventeen-years-old sweetheart who had just put her hair up from plaits waiting for him in a tiny Hertfordshire village.

Young Ball was a real lone wolf of the skies. He rode the clouds alone and he fought his battles alone, almost invariably against seemingly overwhelming odds where only his uncanny marksmanship and superb flying saved his life.

He was a hurricane, tear-away fighter, a kind of Henry Armstrong of the clouds, who kept up a ceaseless attack till his ammunition ran out. This often occurred in the less efficiently equipped machines of those days, and one of the many amazing stories told of Ball concerns just such an occasion.

Bullets Ripped His Wings

After a long and thrilling duel his Lewis gun suddenly spluttered to silence. The magazine was empty! Instead of turning tail, the boy pilot swooped within a few feet of his enemy, careless of the bullets ripping through his wings. Then, when it seemed that the two planes must lock and crash together, Ball shot the other pilot neatly through the head with his revolver!

At school he had won many trophies as an expert shot, and it was this gift that made him such a formidable opponent in aerial battle.

Yet he never boasted. Often, in fact, he frankly confessed that he was a bundle of nerves before a scrap began.

"I shall be so glad when it is all over," he would say, for he yearned, not for thrills and adventure, but for the tranquil peace of the countryside he loved so well.

It seemed hardly credible that in the air so quiet a lad could be transformed into such a holy terror that he could fight with such fury that the mere sight of that red-painted plane was enough to clear the sky.

Hardly a day went by without Ball being engaged in a fight or two, and among his most memorable achievements was his lone battle with five German machines.

They recognised his plane from above and came screaming down from the clouds, evidently thinking that with such odds in their favour they could not help but vanquish the British ace.

From five angles they dived, pumping lead at the little scarlet-tipped biplane, but Ball had a brain that worked trigger-fast.

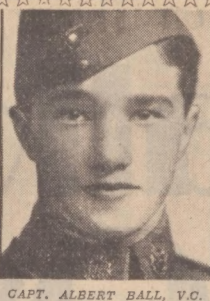
Not thus easily was he caught napping. Swiftly he sent his machine into a long and sickening side-slip, and then, checking it as suddenly, he zoomed up, squinting along the sights of his chattering Lewis gun.

One...two... As quickly as that a pair of the raiders went into spinning death dives, with their petrol tanks belching flame.

But there were still three left, and cleverly Ball separated them by shamming and putting his plane into a sheer dive as though he had been hit. One of the German pilots followed close on his tail, but within a few feet of the ground Ball pulled out, leaving his less skilful opponent to crash to his death.

Then the nose of his biplane tilted to the clouds and he climbed almost perpendicularly, firing as he rose, and swiftly accounting for yet a fourth enemy.

In less than ten minutes he had



CAPT. ALBERT BALL, V.C.

AIR DRAMA OF A BOY V.C.

ALBERT BALL went to France during the Great War as an unknown schoolboy only nineteen years of age. Eight months later the fame of his exploits in the air rang right round the world. But the V.C. he had so well earned he did not live to have pinned on his breast. He was shot down in enemy territory and the Cross was later presented by King George V to his father, who visited Buckingham Palace specially to receive his son's award.

Dizzy Display Of Aerobatics

Oil spurted from it in a hot and blinding fountain, and Ball waited in agonising suspense for the burst of flame he felt must come; but nothing happened, and a few minutes later he brought his machine down safely.

He came even closer to death on the day he was caught by an arm armada of 14 German fighters nearly 20 miles inside their lines.

Fourteen to one—and this boy wonder of the skies still eluded them! Rolling, banking, climbing and diving, he dodged their guns in a dizzy display of aerobatics. One second his little plane was almost standing on its tail, the next it was dropping like a stone.

A mile inside his own lines young Ball panicked to a bumpy landing in a machine that had practically been shot to pieces around him. His windshield was shattered, his wings were ribbon, and the fuselage was a mass of bullet holes—but he was unscathed.

"I had good sport and good luck," was Ball's own summing-up of this hair-raising adventure.

More than once he was so carried away by the thrill of combat that he carried on until his petrol tank and ammunition belt were both empty, yet he still managed to glide home in safety.

Some of the pilots he fought were as gallant and sporting as he, and they went into those aerial duels in the same chivalrous spirit as the knights of old who tilted for honour in the lists.

Ball, telling the story of one of these encounters, said: "We kept on firing until we had used up all our ammunition. There was nothing more to be done after that, so we both burst out laughing. We couldn't help it, it was so ridiculous! We flew side by side, laughing each other for a few seconds, and then we waved adieu and went off! He was a real sport that was that Hun."

Homage Accorded To Heroes

Soon he was pleading to return to active service. For a long time this permission was refused. He had done enough, they said, but after a brief spell at home, during which he became engaged to the girl with the plaits—he gave his gold identification disc as an engagement ring—he went back.

In the first week the red-nosed biplane brought down five enemy planes. At the end of the second week the total had risen to ten. No need to tell the German air force that Herr Ball was back in the saddle.

But a month later they got him. He crashed in German-held territory, and they buried him in a Cemetery of Honour with the same homage they would have accorded their own heroes.

And upon the wooden cross over his grave they carved the words: "He died for his Fatherland."

It was their tribute to a very gallant foe.

So died Captain Albert Ball, the boy hero of the skies. But the years have not dimmed his memory. His name still lives. The tales of his deeds of daring heroism are still told.

Not lightly nor easily does England forget such a hero!

Life's BIG PROBLEMS

"WAR—PEACE—GOOD WILL"

By the People's Friend

the dark shadow of war that had for so long hovered over a troubled and restless Europe.

True, the pessimists were whispering that the danger was only postponed and that before the next year was out Hitler's army would be marching.

BUT we were at peace, a peace we found yet more dear because of the ordeal of that September crisis—and so we rejoiced.

It seemed to have lent an added zest, an extra gladness to our festivities. We had walked out of the darkness into the light again.

And now, twelve months later, we find ourselves facing a vastly different Christmas. The blow has fallen. The pessimists are proved right. We are at war.

AND because of this it may, perhaps, seem rather futile to some of you to talk of peace and good will when the whole world seems to have gone mad and the guns are thundering, and women and children are being bombed.

But I don't agree. Surely this Christmas, more than ever before, we should be doing our utmost to spread the spirit of the season among our fellows and to cling to its age-old traditions.

Because it is for such things—for a return to sanity and the days when men can live in peace and harmony once more—that we are fighting.

In some countries the bells may be muffled. Here, at least, let them ring out as clearly and loudly as ever before.

And to your prayers add one that by next year we shall have triumphed and won back for all humanity the true spirit of Yuletide.

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get back to Nature X

RID YOURSELF FOR EVER

JOINT RHEUMATISM

LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, GOUT, FIBROSITIS, SYNOVITIS, MYALGIA

by the Natural Solvent Power of

STAFFORD HERBS

(PREPARED AND PRESCRIBED BY A FAMOUS RHEUMATISM SPECIALIST)

Valuable Book and Trial Supply FREE

RHEUMATISM CAN be banished—in a sure, safe, pleasant way that quickly ends its agonising aches and tortures—definitely clearing the system of the deadly toxins that cause it and barring the path of their return.

After prolonged laboratory experiments by a famous London Specialist, Mr. Charles Stafford, it has been found that certain harmless Herbs, when scientifically combined in a formula hitherto undiscovered, have the power to banish Rheumatism from the system completely... a discovery of such vital importance that every sufferer will want to know all the facts, particularly as they can be obtained in a Booklet full of information about Rheumatism in all its forms with a FREE TRIAL AT NO EXPENSE WHATSOEVER. This free trial will prove that by the use of Pure Herbs only—without harmful drugs—you can drive Rheumatism and its allied disorders clean out of your system.

Mr. Charles Stafford's great discovery enables you to clear the miseries of Rheumatism from your Joints, Nerves and Muscles, to banish the crippling pains and wearying stiffness it brings. Case after case, recovery after recovery by the thousand (often under the careful auspices of Medical Attendants) have proved the immediate and lasting benefit which can be obtained.

It is this Rheumatism which stabs your Nerves when you have Sciatica, stiffens your muscles in Lumbago, Muscular Rheumatism or Fibrositis, locks joints and forms hard lumps and inflamed patches in the case of Joint Rheumatism. It settles in the joints like grit in a machine, while muscles swell and nerves burn with fiery torment.

It is this special combination of HERBAL JUICES discovered by Charles Stafford which dissolves and disperses Rheumatism. So thoroughly does it eradicate the poisons that it is absolutely impossible for them to recur in the system.

How Charles Stafford conquered his own Joint Rheumatism

Charles Stafford came of a "Rheumatic" family, and first noticed the dread symptoms when he was twenty-five. In eight years he was reduced to hobbling about with the aid of sticks, and very rarely left home. Thereafter his history was one of pain and confinement to bed, some times a slight improvement and renewed hope—but always relapse and despair. But he never ceased to experiment. He studied the action of medicines, and after much research discovered a new herbal combination, and was rewarded with a severe attack in six weeks his recovery was complete. His joints were free, his muscles supple, he could walk and work and enjoy life. Hundreds of other sufferers took his herbal treatment—with the same happy results. Soon the demand had become so great that a Company had to be formed to supply the most outstanding medical discovery of recent times—"The Charles Stafford Treatment."

1000 GENUINE AND UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS

EVERY MONTH FROM ALL OVER GREAT BRITAIN have frequently been received, whilst the number of Treatments supplied on PERSONAL RECOMMENDATION is continually making new records.

FROM DOCTORS

Dr. J. D. A. Midland Medical Officer of Health, wrote on April 20th: "I wish to thank you for the good supply of Treatment for Sciatica. The patient is my daughter, who has had one of the severest attacks I have ever known. Less than three weeks later this doctor wrote: 'The supply of Treatment which you sent for my daughter's Sciatica has done her good. I send a further supply. I have recommended your Treatment to another sufferer.'"

FROM NURSES

St. Albans, Sept. Dear Sir.—"It gives me pleasure to thank you for my complete recovery from Sciatica, after your Treatment. I tried numerous other remedies and all failed. I had suffered agony for 6 months, but am now free from pain. I cannot speak too highly of your Treatment, and I shall recommend it to all sufferers." Nurse E. T.

FROM CLERGY

Dorset, 8th May. Dear Sir.—"Your Treatment has done the desired effect in the case of my Gout. It disappeared very quickly indeed. I have recommended your remedy to several of my friends." Rev. H.

COULD HARDLY HOBBLE ABOUT

Had to be Dressed—NOW CAN DANCE ALL EVENING

Rose Pines, Tricketts, Cross, 10.7.39

Dear Sir.—"For some time I have been meaning to write and tell you of the wonderful effect of your Treatment. When I had the Treatment I was completely restored. Can you wonder that I feel everlasting gratitude to you and am recommending your Treatment to all my friends?" Mrs. R. Bowsher.

91 YEARS-OLD LADY

Dear Sir.—"I consider the benefit I have received, especially as I was 91 last birthday. My knees had been bad for the last 30 years."

Not a twinge since—after 30 years' continual pain

Surrey, 31st May. Dear Sir.—"The effect of your Treatment in my case is absolutely marvellous. I had given up hope, had to be carried from room to room, and had to be fed. You have me up in the morning. I had not had a twinge since after 30 years' continual pain. I feel it up to me to give credit where credit is due."

TITLED TESTIMONY

Norfolk Street, Park Lane, W.1, 23.6.39. Dear Sir.—"I find your treatment absolutely marvellous. It agrees with me so well, and I feel so much more comfortable with my rheumatism. I feel a different woman, getting better every day." Lady —

—The Viscountess —, Hants.

SEND NO MONEY—FREE TRIAL SUPPLY

TO CHARLES STAFFORD
(Ref. 093), 43, CHESTER ROAD,
NORTHWOOD, MIDDLESEX
(Formerly at 120, Southampton
Row, London, W.C.1.)

Please send me Free Trial Supply of your ALL Herbs Treatment for Rheumatic Affections, and Free Book of Advice Post free and without obligation. (Post Free in British Isles, but is abroad.)

Charles Stafford Proprietors, Ltd. Pages 2412-13

My form of Rheumatism is ... Name ... Address ...

STAFFORD HERBS ARE NATURE'S SOLVENT

SEASON'S
LIMENTS

Things the war can't
top Christmas cheerfulness.
top the ring of laughter,
meetings. It can't stop
for the glass of beer
for cheeriness and good
and glad days beer has
It was the drink of
in the cheery "old
Christmas of days gone
heartened us in the last
Now let it keep to the
and good humour and
this Christmastime,
be ale or stout or mild
back to British beer this
will keep you in good
up your appetite, make
healthy.
for the family party
is best. It will help to
by Christmas.



to milk
chocolate
kind to
teeth

ous new chocolate is
It has a texture like
crisp and yielding
of this special
ero digests more
and consequently gives
faster than any other
you can buy. It's a
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2d
An extra
FREE
moneycomb
texture

id ZAM-BUK
dition to Zam-Buk Ointment, for
cal uses, you can also obtain Zam-
Buk suppositories for a fever.
Ask your chemist for ZAM-BUK
suppositories. Left in position at
they cure while you sleep.

RES PILES

"Man o' the People" writes on Things That Matter

Let's Talk it Over To You And Me

THIS is the eve of Christmas and, in the sick madness of a world at war, the old familiar greetings seem out of place and out of time. An air of unreality pervades accustomed things—the crowded shops, the hurrying, good-humoured traffic of the streets, the bustle and the stir of joyous homecoming. The scene is scarcely changed, but we view it with a different vision.

And so "Man o' the People" is not content to wish you a merry Christmas this year. If merriment and gaiety should be your fortune, so much the better.

But for the readers of this paper, and indeed for all men and women "of good will" the world over, he can wish nothing better than that inner peace which can come to restless minds and troubled hearts even in the midst of war.

Serenity of spirit is the essence of happiness, distilled sometimes from the waters of affliction. "If you have not known poverty, heart-hunger or misunderstanding, God has overlooked you and you are to be pitied."

IN a train from the West Country the other morning there were many soldiers travelling home on leave, and one in particular with eyes that shone. I should like to have spoken to him, but I would not intrude upon his private rapture.

His girl—wife or sweetheart, I don't know—met him at Paddington, and they were locked in a world-obliterating embrace—like the two young people pictured in this page; like thousands of war-time lovers meeting now in every country.

And I passed on, content and furious at the same time—content that lovers do not change, furious that one man should have robbed the world of its happy Christmas.

ADOLF HITLER is on holiday this week-end. If he made it a permanent holiday, the world could breathe more freely.

For his own selfish ends he forced the war upon us, but do not hate the man; feel sorry for him and for those he has led astray.

Who would change places with Hitler? He is on holiday in his mountain retreat, but what sort of holiday will he have?

He has prated for years of German honour and German valour, and yet he has ordered his countrymen to bomb our small, defenceless fishing-boats and machine-gun helpless men clinging to wreckage in the icy seas.

WOMEN and children have been murdered at his command. He fears nothing more than loneliness, and now he walks alone—a "man of destiny" shivering in the formless shadow of every tree; imagining the lurking avenger behind every bush.

Think of the memories that must haunt him; memories of old comrades put to death; of weeping women and wailing children; of ravaged towns and countryside laid waste; of a whole people betrayed; and, now, of proud ships scuttled and of a brave man preferring death to the shame that his leader put upon him!

At least, the captain of the Graf Spee was true to his own code of honour. If Adolf Hitler and his gang of ruffians knew what honour meant, they could scarcely do better than follow his example!

THE British Navy, in its "biggest week" of the war, has achieved something more important than its recorded successes.

It has shaken the confidence of many Germans, and it has undoubtedly damaged Hitler's personal prestige.

For the loss of the Graf Spee would have been a grievous blow to Germany in any case, but the manner of her loss and the suicide of her commander have set the whole world wondering.

It was Hitler himself who forbade Captain Langsdorff to fight and ordered him to scuttle his ship in a neutral faraway.

The Fuehrer has made no graver blunder since he came to power. His Navy will find it hard to forgive him this humiliation, and it is reported that Admiral Erich Raeder, the Commander-in-Chief, has actually tendered his resignation.

To Hitler, a man of such unstable mind that, in the words of the French Ambassador, he is "capable of the worst frenzies, the wildest exaltations and the most delicious exhibitions," this must have come like a blow in the face.

His solitary holiday will leave him tortured by anxiety, wounded vanity and impotent hatred. He may soon come to realise that his biggest task will be to retain the faith of his own followers.

He may even now begin to understand that he is too small a man to wear a Napoleonic mantle.

AMERICAN commentators, who can naturally take a detached view of events, regard Hitler's policy of scuttling as a sign that he himself thinks of the war as already half-lost.

They say that this "suicidal tendency" can't be reconciled with any sort of confidence in the future, and they wonder whether it may not be the first symptom of a "psychological rot" which will ultimately spread through the whole of Nazi Germany.

It may be so, but, personally, your correspondent does not believe that the rot has set in, except, perhaps, in a single mind—the mind of the strutting little tyrant whose grotesque shadow lies athwart the Continent.

There never was a world bogeyman of lesser stature. And never in recorded history a time



when whole nations marched so blindly to the orders of paltry villains.

Stalin, like Hitler, is such a villain. They do not keep Christmas in the Kremlin, but "the Red Czar" has just had a birthday there.

And the Finns—God speed them!—have cheated him of the celebrations he expected! On the very day that Stalin attained his sixtieth year, they inflicted upon the invading Russian armies the heaviest defeat of the war!

Indeed, it has been an ill week for the twin dictators. For it has confirmed the might of the Allied sea power and set to all the world an example of the matchless valour with which free men can fight to defend their freedom even against overwhelming odds.

DURING this last holiday of the year, let us talk no more of the "evil men" who assail us with their hatred and remember only the high cause for which we drew the sword.

Lord Chatfield, in an admirable broadcast, made no attempt to define war aims, which can have no validity until the enemy is beaten, but he did define the only war aim which all can understand:—

"To create a better Europe, with safe homes from which the haunting shadow of war is banished, where nations like Poland cannot suddenly be torn to pieces, their homes burnt and their people left to starve."

"A better Europe..." Yes, we are fighting for that, but victory itself will be profitless unless it also implies "a better Britain," with homes made safe, not only against war, but against the shadow of poverty and the cruel darkness of unemployment.

That is the final meaning of the Christmas message—"Peace on earth to men of good will."

IN another passage of his speech, Lord Chatfield reminded us that "cheerfulness and optimism are great fighting assets." That is true, and it seems to me that there is good ground for cautious optimism today and much to cheer us.

Prices have certainly risen, but at least we have plentiful supplies of all that really matters. We shall miss none of our usual

CIGARETTE PAPERS

"WE must forget for a moment," says a leading article, "that something is hanging over us." So long as it's only mistletoe...

"The thoughts of a Christmas party," says a holiday note, "sets the whole household a-quiver." Even the jolly wobbles.

TODAY'S PROVERB
There's a courage that fights grimly
With its back against the wall.
But the courage that goes with a smile
And song
Shows the bravest heart of all.

LITTLE ALFIE ON "CHRISTMAS GREETING"

To-morrow is the best and greatest day of the year, and I hope all good people will enjoy it as much as me and Horrie are going to do. Becos, if the Big Nasty and all the little Nasties think they're going to stop me and Horrie from having a busting Xmas, then they've got sun hopes, not I! They haven't, nor likely!

I've never spent Xmas in the country before, but the people there keep their Xmas all right. I mean it was silly to be doubtful about it, bec'os, after all, that's where the turkeys grow.

Me and Horrie have had a last look at Farmer Oates's turkeys, before they go off to market. Their's one we ort to have said orever to, instead of good-bye, bec'os that's the one we shall

Christmas fare, but in Germany there will be few groaning tables—and many groans.

The Germans are normally hearty feeders, and they love nothing better than a big Christmas "spread." We can be sorry that they will go short this year, and yet glad in a way that they are feeling the squeeze of the Allied blockade.

For though we have no hatred for the ordinary German people, yet they are maintaining "Hitlerism" in power, and we must count them our enemies, too, until they themselves throw off the yoke.

Never forget that. Never forget that Hitler himself can only be "ruthless" while he finds ruthless men to do his bidding.

I do not think that any orders could compel the men of our Navy and Air Force to machine-gun helpless sailors and fishermen, swimming for their lives.

But there are Germans ready to obey such orders, and that is a crime for which they must share the guilt with their leaders.

IT is to be noted in this connection that the chief difference between our blockade of Germany and Germany's much boasted "blockade" of these islands is that ours happens to be effective and theirs is very much less so.

They would not hesitate for a moment to starve us out if they could. But they can't, and, though meat rationing may start early in the New Year, the latest trade returns show a remarkable increase in British imports and exports.

We have to thank the Navy for that. They and the Air Force and the staunch merchant service and all the brave men of the fishing fleet have borne the brunt of the fighting so far.

Think of them today and wish them happiness and a safe return from their incessant voyages for our protection upon dangerous seas.

I hope that all of you who have relatives in any of the Services have already translated thoughts into kindly action. But, if you should have missed Christmas, it's not too late to send a parcel for the New Year.

SOME mushy-minded people have actually been sending Christmas parcels to the well-fed, comfortably housed Nazi prisoners in England—that is to say, to men who served in murderous U-boats and no less murderous German bombers!

No wonder Major-General Sir Ernest Swinton grew hot when he referred to these "sentimental cranks" in his broadcast the other evening!

"Brotherly love" and "sweet charity" are all very well in their way, but one does need a little "sweet reasonableness" in "handing them out."

A FALSE sentimentality is one of the chief dangers against which we should be on our guard in times like the present.

This Christmas, which cannot be celebrated quite as usual for grown-ups, ought to be observed almost as usual for children.

Or at least for most of them. A large but steadily dwindling number are living in strange homes, and, of these, many may have to pass the holiday without even seeing their fathers and mothers.

But it is not the most unselfish parents who are bringing their children back from safety into potential danger!

The truer affection and the greater loyalty lies in tenacity of purpose and patience in sacrifice.

A Man o' the People

By The Lounger

master, if you didn't know. And, of course, Florrie and her Sirrel will be there. (If those 2 are about, you won't be able to see across the place for mistletoe.)

If I was Sirrel and knew all about all the perfectly trifling things Florrie had been nitting for me, I wudn't cum near the place. And the funny thing is, Florrie duxent like nitting, ether. It juss shows you that Luv makes people absolutely crackers!

And talking of crackers, you can bet we'll have sum luvly ones, with funny hats for Father and Farmer Oates, and a good lark for everybody. Their'll be motioes in all the crackers, and this is the motto that I want to send out to you all: "Good luck to all People people, and a safe and happy Xmas to all our brave lads!"

WAR TIME CHRISTMAS SONG

Some people may think that war time makes a mockery of Christmas, the season of good will, but they are wrong. The Allies are fighting with a good conscience, not for fighting's sake, but to build a world in which peace and good will may have a chance.

Can we sing of merry Christmas
In a sand-bagged, darkened street,
Where a light in any window
Shocks the warden on his beat?
Yes, the age-old fun of Christmas
We'll enjoy without a doubt,
For the real Christmas spirit
Is a thing they can't black-out!

STALIN's drive against Finland, his supremacy in the Baltic and his threat to dominate the whole of Scandinavia have upset Hitler's apple-cart more badly than most people know.

The Nazi-Soviet Pact, under which Germany hoped to get war supplies from Russia, has failed in this vital particular, because of the Red drive. But Stalin's aggressive aims have dealt the Nazis, commercially, an even greater blow.

In the first place, the putting into motion of the Soviet war machine has increased her own consumption of those very products which Germany hoped Russia would send her.

Tradeless

FINLAND's trade with Germany—the two countries last year had a turnover of some £14 million—is at an end, killed by the Russian blockade.

And other Scandinavian countries, fearing in their turn the attentions of Stalin's armies, are building up war reserves. Exports of materials urgently needed by Germany are forbidden. Iron

"The Greatest Christmas Wish"

WE will keep Christmas here at home, but our hearts will be out there, loving, and wishing, and praying for our Forces everywhere.

Hoping the oldest Hope, that in men's hearts has ever dwelt, the Hope that is a Prayer for Peace, and for which all men have knelt.

We will keep Christmas here at home, but it will have a richer note, for beneath the laughter there will be a tightness in our throat. And tears will softly mingle, with the sound of children's fun, as our thoughts are gently threaded, in a Christmas Benison.

We will keep Christmas here, and we will lay for Peace a place, and pray The Greatest Christmas Guest will Bless it with His Grace. And pray that all the suffering will soon come to a close. This is The Greatest Christmas Wish, and We Wish IT FOR FRIENDS AND FOES.

ore, timber and foodstuffs are no longer going via the Baltic into Germany.

Balkan countries, too, are keeping stricter control of exports. They, too, fear the Russian menace.

In effect, Joe Stalin has extended the scope of the Allied economic campaign against Germany, and has done his old friend, Hitler, a lot of no good.

Jollity

I HOPE we all do ourselves a bit of good tomorrow. We certainly spend enough in preparing for the great day. Someone has calculated that the cost of Britain's Christmas Day jollity is about £30 million. By tomorrow night we shall have eaten 10,000 tons of Christmas pudding, and used in various ways 40 million eggs. Dairies will have supplied us with 150,000 extra gallons of milk. The statistics don't reveal how much we give away in tips.

While weather forecasts are barred I feel I may risk the displeasure of the Censor by disclosing the following: According to an old manuscript in the British Museum, Christmas Day falling on a Monday indicates a good winter and a warm, dry summer. It was also believed that the ensuing months brought peace and prosperity to all nations.

THOUGHT for Today

The brave heart is its own beacon on the darkest journey.

Hell-a-Guinea will be paid for the best original thought published. No quotations from books, calendars, etc. Address (on postcard) to "Thoughts," "The People," 83, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CHORUS:
The call of Christmastide resounds both far and wide,
The ancient message of good will to men;
It may be slightly different from the Yule of ancient fashion,
But the English love their Christmas with the old consuming passion,
For its kindness and laughter are the things no one can rail—
And true good will shall come to earth again.

Can we sing of Happy Christmas while the sun and moon boom,
While the sun of peace is shadowed by dark warfare's wintry gloom?
In a world torn by man's tragic inhumanity to man,
Can we sing of Happy Christmas? Britons answer: "Yes, we can!"

CHORUS:
The call of Christmastide resounds both far and wide,
The ancient message of good will to men;
But England must maintain the fight, against the evil things,
For decency and kindness, and all that Freedom brings,
Till Victory for the right brings Peace, with healing in its wings—
Then true good will shall come to earth again.

WISDOM WEEK BY WEEK
To lose freedom is to live in a world from which all light has been extinguished.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—
THE DRUIDS not only regarded the mistletoe as a sacred plant, but also placed great store on its effectiveness as a cure for epilepsy and kindred diseases?

Tradition decrees that there is only one place in the house where the mistletoe should be hung, namely, the kitchen, and it is only when suspended thus that kissing under it is according to the ancient rites?

The great Portuguese explorer Vasco Da Gama, first saw the light of day on Christmas Day, 1400, discovered Natal on Christmas Day, 1488, and died on the eve of Christmas, 1524?

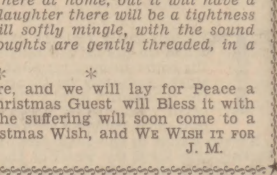
Decorating the house at Christmas with evergreens is an old Pagan custom, but the first Christian missionaries encouraged their converts to associate the practice with the birth of Our Lord, thus giving a new significance to the ivy and holly?

The turkey first made its appearance in the latter part of the 17th century, French Jesuits being the first to domesticate the bird in large numbers, hence for a time it was called "Jesuit"?

POSER

THREE men buy a pole 20 ft. long, 9 in. in diameter at the larger end and 6 in. in diameter at the smaller end. The pole is to be sawn into three parts, each weighing the same. Disregarding the waste due to sawing, what length of pole will each man receive?

Solution to last Sunday's poser:



ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

Why you
RHEUMATISM

When you feel the pains throbbing in your bones and joints how natural it is to be happening to you. Doctors will tell you rheumatic complaints arise and liver get sluggish. The organs is to rinse out the blood and the rheumatic acids are poisoning twinges and stiffness, sciatica and lumbago.

The wonderful Spa mine, Fynnon Salt-Sodium, Lithium—wake up the liver, keep them in lively condition. Many sufferers say drink of Fynnon Salt seen pain out of their system. What it does do Fynnon away—and it is the poison the pain. Begin tomorrow, a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt, full of water and feel your rheumatism suppo to cause it. The price remains unchange. From all chemists.

CO-ORDINATION
The idea is that a Minister ordinate many of the spread over the Ministry Board of Trade to Ministry port. Credits Department Trade Department.

Another new office which is considered is that of Minister of the Minister of Agriculture Minister of Food.

ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

COLDS go to the country, too!

Dear Bobby,

I'm so glad that you are well and getting good care. But I worry about colds. So I'm putting a pot of "Vick" in the parcel I'm sending. I'll feel safer now that you'll get over colds quickly—without upsetting your stomach.

Just rub on VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB
Best for children's colds

NO PLEASURE OUT OF ALL FINO FUN FOR ALL A RILEY HOME 8/6 DOWN bring your mind. Here's ending relief from DAVE FRY'S 3000 words as you sleep. Write for Dave's

PARENTS WHAT OF THE NIGHT? E. J. RILEY, Lee Works, A or PAGE 4, 1

Six Survivors Of Missing Air Liner Landed ITALIAN PLANES AID SEARCH FOR OTHERS

RESCUES BY FRENCH SHIP OFF SICILY

SIX SURVIVORS OF THE MISSING BRITISH AIR LINER SOVERDUE ON A FLIGHT FROM EGYPT TO ENGLAND HAVE BEEN PICKED UP IN THE MEDITERRANEAN NEAR SICILY BY A FRENCH SHIP AND LANDED AT MALTA.

There is no news yet of what happened to the air liner and the fate of five others—three passengers and two crew—who were on board.

The rescued men—three passengers and three of the crew—are: Wing-Commander Dawson, Lieut. Ashton, R.N., and Major Mackenson (passengers); Capt. Peter C. Fair (commander of the aircraft); Flight-Engineer J. J. Broome and Steward W. Smith. First Officer J. W. F. Beach and Radio Officer Gordon R. Brentnall are the missing members of the crew.

Flight-Engineer Broome was seriously injured. Capt. Fair and Steward Smith suffered lesser injuries.

With a crew of five and six passengers the air liner vanished after making a scheduled call at Sollum, 300 miles west of Alexandria, on Thursday morning.

ITALIAN HELP

She then headed for the 730-mile sea hop to Malta, to whom she put a routine wireless call at 10.20 a.m.

From that time nothing more was heard of the aircraft—a Lockheed 14—until yesterday, when news was received in London that six survivors had been picked up by a small French ship, St. Georges.

Italian aeroplanes and ships have been co-operating with a British warship in a wide search of the Mediterranean for the missing air liner.

Rome officials also gave permission for another British aeroplane to fly from Sollum along the Libyan coast to Benghazi before taking the sea flight to Malta.

It was learned in London last night that all mails on board the air liner had been lost.

Efforts are being made to clear up a mystery report that the air liner which was due in England yesterday afternoon had come down in the desert.

TALK OF ARMISTICE BID

Copenhagen, Saturday.

INTENSIFIED political co-operation between Berlin, Rome and the Vatican has taken place during the past few days, according to the Berlin correspondent of the "Berlinske Tidende."

Unconfirmed rumours, adds the correspondent, say that these efforts have been directed towards attempts at arranging an armistice.—Reuter.

From New York, Reuter reported that the revival of peace talk had its influence on Wall-St. yesterday.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS



Christmas is of extra special importance this year to Princess Alexandra, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Kent. She celebrates the third anniversary of her birth tomorrow.

Our Vast Air Effort

MINISTER SAYS IT WILL BECOME MIGHTIER YET

ADMIRATION FOR THE UNPRECEDENTED EFFORTS ALREADY MADE AND COMPLETE FAITH IN STILL GREATER ACHIEVEMENTS TO COME ARE THE KEY-NOTES OF CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR MESSAGES WHICH THE AIR MINISTER, SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, HAS ADDRESSED TO ALL UNITS OF THE R.A.F., TO THE STAFF OF THE AIR MINISTRY AND ITS ESTABLISHMENTS AND TO EVERYBODY EMPLOYED IN THE AIRCRAFT AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES.

Sir Kingsley's message to the many thousands engaged in producing aircraft, equipment and material for the R.A.F. says:—

"During the past year all have worked unsparingly, and the result has been to achieve an output of aircraft on an unprecedented scale of a quality which has enabled the R.A.F. to undertake its vital duties with the fullest confidence in its equipment."

"The effort required in the year before us will be even greater, but I should like all of you to feel that your work is appreciated and that the R.A.F. and the Air Ministry know that the great task ahead will be tackled with the same skill, the same energy and the same determination as in the past. Good wishes to you all."

In a Christmas greeting to all home defence workers, Sir John Anderson, Minister of Home Security, thanked them for their efforts towards making the country ready to meet air attack.

A.R.P. SACRIFICE

He adds: "Your work may not yet have been tested by actual war experience, but those who are responsible for Civil Defence appreciate to the full the sacrifices you have made. The New Year will call for more sacrifices, for more patience and for constant readiness, but it may also bring you and yours good fortune."

Lord Craigavon, Premier of Northern Ireland, in a Christmas greeting to Ulster citizens and their relatives at home and abroad, refers to those who are serving in the forces, and adds: "I voice the feelings of the whole community in paying tribute to the patriotism of so large a number."

Initiative— But Will They Promote Him?

LIEUT.-COL. L. H. SACRE, an officer commanding a searchlight regiment, tells the following story, for the truth of which he vouches.

One of his subalterns, a hefty fellow of over 16 stones, could not sleep well at night. Something was constantly sticking in his back. The bed was stripped—and there, under the blankets, were his batman's trousers.

The officer asked the colonel what he should do.

"Promote him. He shows initiative," came the prompt reply.



JOE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Economic Chief

MR. AMERY MAY JOIN CABINET

MR. CHAMBERLAIN IS CONSIDERING MAKING SOME ALTERATIONS IN HIS CABINET. TWO NEW MINISTERS WHOM HE IS BEING URGED TO PUT INTO OFFICE ARE:—

Sir Archibald Sinclair, Leader of the Opposition Liberals, and former Secretary for Scotland.

Mr. Leopold Amery, Conservative M.P. for Sparkbrook, and former Secretary for the Colonies.

Other members of the Cabinet are urging the appointment of a full-time Commander-in-Chief "on the Economic Front." Mr. Amery—who is an industrial and economic expert, and a director of many large enterprises—is being suggested for such a post.

CO-ORDINATION

The idea is that a Minister should co-ordinate many of the activities now spread over the Ministry of Shipping, Board of Trade, Ministry of Mines, Export Credits Department and Overseas Trade Department.

Another new office which is being considered is that of Minister of Food Supplies, to co-ordinate the two Departments of the Minister of Agriculture and the Minister of Food.

ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

Why you get RHEUMATISM

When you feel the pains of rheumatism throbbing in your bones and gripping your joints how natural it is to ask, "What can be happening to cause all this suffering?" Doctors will tell you that most rheumatic complaints arise when kidneys and liver get sluggish. The duty of these organs is to rinse out the toxins and waste matter which are formed naturally as a by-product of digestion. If this action is not vigorous enough some of the poisons are left in the system and turn into the rheumatic acids which cause the agonising twinges and stiffness of rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago.

The wonderful Fynnon Salt mineral elements in Fynnon Salt—Sodium, Potassium and Lithium—wake up the liver and kidneys, keeping them in lively condition all the time. Many sufferers say that their daily drink of Fynnon Salt seems to draw the pain out of their system. That's exactly what it does do. Poisons are rinsed right away—and it is the poisons that cause the pain. Begin tomorrow with a daily teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water and feel your pain disappear—your suppleness and fitness return. The price remains unchanged—1/3 a large tin. From all chemists.—Advt.

NO PLEASURE OUT OF DOORS NOW

FIND FUN FOR ALL THE FAMILY WITH A RILEY "HOME" BILLIARD TABLE. 8/6 DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, complete with today's worries. 7 DAYS FREE TRIAL GIVEN. Pay balance as you play. A size for every room. Write for Art List of all types.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Lee Works, Accrington, or Dept. 41, 41-47, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.1

"Heartbroken" Bride As Witness

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

MISS HILDA EVERETT, AGED SEVENTEEN, OF BEDFORD-LANE, FELTHAM, MIDDLESEX, AND SAPPER GEORGE DARLOW, AGED TWENTY, OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS, WERE TO HAVE MARRIED AT STAINES REGISTER OFFICE TODAY, BUT THE REGISTRAR TOLD THEM THAT HALF AN HOUR EARLIER THE BRIDE'S MOTHER HAD WITHDRAWN HER CONSENT.

The young couple and their two witnesses were just about to leave the register office when another soldier and his bride asked them if they would witness their wedding.

So, instead of being married themselves, they witnessed another wedding, and signed their names in the register.

Showing a "People" reporter her wedding ring, Miss Everett said: "I am heartbroken, as I have told all my friends that I am being married today. George and I have known each other for two years and have been engaged eight months."

THE KING CHATS WITH WORKERS

THE King chatted freely with his estate workers at Sandringham yesterday, wishing them the compliments of the season when, with the Queen and Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, he attended the distribution of joints of Sandringham beef.

This custom was observed annually by the King's father and grandfather before him.

HURLED INTO AIR BY MINE

When an old hulk which was being towed to a North-east Coast port struck a mine yesterday, the crew of seven and the pilot were thrown several feet into the air and were badly bruised. They were rescued by the tug.

"The People's" Secret Service News

I HEARD from Moscow five days ago that Stalin had recalled to the Kremlin M. Otto Kuusinen, the puppet dictator whom he appointed as the head of his fake People's Finnish Government. Now there is news from certain quarters that he has been arrested.

He is certainly in disgrace. Before the invasion Kuusinen assured Stalin that as soon as the Red Army crossed the border, hundreds of thousands of starving and revolutionary Finnish peasants would rise, overthrow their own government, and make friends with the Russians. On the strength of this, Marshal Voroshilov promised to present Finland to Stalin as a present on his 60th birthday. Voroshilov is also feeling the backwash of the dictator's displeasure.

GERMANY'S petrol problem is growing more acute. Some may be obtained from Rumania under the new agreement. But practically none is arriving from Russia. And in the meantime we have cap-

tured sufficient German contraband petrol to enable 100 R.A.F. bombers—when the time comes—to make a daily raid over German territory for nine months.

THE new type Messerschmitts, the M.E.110, with their twin engines and rapid-firing shell-guns, gave a fairly good account of themselves in the battle over Heligoland Bight.

But even then their losses were nearly twice as heavy as ours; they had anti-aircraft guns to help them from ships below, and the British machines ranged against them were comparatively slow bombers.

The new Messerschmitt is much better than its predecessor, but the Air Ministry still has complete confidence in the superiority of our machines.

SEVERAL new British planes are being constructed on a wholesale scale. There is a bomber, heavily armoured, a bomber which can also be used as a fighter; and three classes of fighter which can out-pace and out-maneuvre our present Spitfires.

Moreover, it has been proved, in combat, that the rear machine-gun

in our bombers is fatal to any new-style Messerschmitt that tries to attack it from behind.

IT is believed that new types of armament in our fighting planes are being considered. The armaments being reviewed are (1) the present multiple machine-gun, which fires converging shots at thousands of rounds a minute, out of eight barrels; (2) another type of machine-gun which fires, more slowly, a bullet of a larger calibre; (3) a shell-firing cannon.

WITH one pocket battleship at the bottom of the River Plate, the British Navy is now devoting itself to putting the other two out of action.

The Deutschland is thought to be in harbour at Wilhelmshaven, refuelling, restocking her munition magazines, and preparing herself for a new expedition. But the fate of the Graf Spee, and the knowledge that British submarines have been lurking in the Heligoland Bight, have taken the heart out of the crew.

The Admiral Scheer is believed to be somewhere in the Atlantic. But the Atlantic is a big place, and it may take some time to find her.

When the time comes, however, there is likely to be something bigger than three cruisers to tackle her.

HITLER'S decision to extend the Siegfried Line for 100 miles in the South, from west to east, to prevent an outflanking movement, is believed in military circles to mean that he is still planning to launch his main attack through Holland.

It would enable him to mass all his forces at the north end of the line, leaving the south to be defended by normal garrisons.

Another deduction which strategists are drawing from the move is that his big attack will not come till the extra 100 miles has been completed—in the spring.

ASSASSINATIONS and imprisonment of Roman Catholic priests is still continuing on a large scale in German occupied Poland.

A few days ago the Pope, through diplomatic channels, sent a request to Hitler that envoys from the Vatican should be allowed to enter Poland to report on the allegations that were being made. Hitler refused to grant such permission.

"It Was My Pleasure"

GIRL WHO "SNAPPED" A FORT

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Newport (Isle of Wight), Saturday.

"IN ALMOST ANY OTHER COUNTRY AT WAR THE GIRL WOULD HAVE BEEN SENT TO A LONG TERM OF IMPRISONMENT," SAID SIR GODFREY BARING, CHAIRMAN OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT MAGISTRATES, WHEN MARGARITHA STEFFEN (21), A SWISS DOMESTIC SERVANT, WAS BOUND OVER TODAY FOR TAKING A PHOTOGRAPH OF A FORT WITHOUT A PERMIT.

Steffen was charged as an alien under the Defence of the Realm regulations.

Mrs. Hilda Evelyn Moriarty, of Dudley, Ventnor, said she was travelling in a railway compartment with Steffen from Ventnor to Sandown. Steffen told her "I do not like the English," and produced some photographs including one of a fort.

Before leaving the train Steffen wrote her name and address on a piece of paper and gave it to her. Mrs. Moriarty later consulted her husband, who is a Special Constable, and he informed the police.

English," meant the language and not the people.

She was completely ignorant of the regulations forbidding the taking of such photographs, added Mr. Green. Mrs. Moriarty was to be complimented on her action, as the case might have been one of great importance.

In binding her over for a year, the chairman warned her that she had committed a serious offence and that, if the magistrates had thought there was any sinister intention, she would have been sent to prison for a long sentence.

THIS'LL GIVE THEM FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Recipes for popular German Christmas dishes requiring ingredients not obtainable in Germany were read in a broadcast by the Free German station yesterday, says Reuter.

Having thus whetted the appetites of his listeners, the announcer continued:—

"We have not read these recipes to make fun of our listeners, but only to give them food for thought—of how it was in the pre-Hitler days, how it might be today and how it still is in the households of the Nazi leaders, those profiteering Nazi officials."

GERMAN LINER HELD

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The German Hamburg-America liner Stassfurt (7,395 tons) has been sequestered in the port of Tjilatjap, Java, in connection with a claim for £23,772 by a British oil company.

The above advertisement appeared in last Sunday's issue, but with the price incorrectly stated. DIGGER at 3/8 per 4 oz. tin is wonderful value and makes... an ideal Christmas Gift...

THREE RAIL PROGRAMS

Today

- 391.1 METRES, 767 kc/s, and 449.1 METRES, 668 kc/s.
- 7.0 a.m.—Time: News.
7.10—Casino Players.
7.40—Stanley Pope (baritone).
8.0—Time: News.
8.15—Apsley Band.
8.45—Harry Engelman's Quintet.
9.15—Organ Voluntary.
9.30—Service, from Aston Church, Birmingham.
10.15—London Palladium Orchestra.
10.45—The Spirit of France, by Denis Saurat.
11.15—Peggy Radmal (violin), and Peggy Grummitt (piano).
11.40—Fred Hartley with the Savoy Septet and Brian Lawrence.
12.15 p.m.—B.B.C. Orchestra (See 12.15 p.m. on 12th (soprano)).
1.0—Time: News.
1.10—Orchestra Raymond.
2.0—In Your Garden, by C. H. Middleton and F. H. Grisewood.
2.15—B.B.C. Military Band.
2.45—Scores from Pickwick.
3.30—Carols, King's College Chapel, Cambridge.
4.0—Time: News.
4.15—Hallé Society's Concert.
5.0—Twilight Hour: Sandy Macpherson and Podens Organ.
5.15—Children.
6.0—Time: News.
6.15—Santa's Party: B.B.C. Variety Orchestra and John Watt (host).
6.15—261.1 METRES—Santa's Party and News in Welsh.
6.45—Irene Scherler (piano).

Christmas Day

- 391.1 METRES, 767 kc/s, and 449.1 METRES, 668 kc/s.
- 7.0 a.m.—Time: Christmas Greetings!
7.40—The Reginald King Trio.
8.0—Time: News.
8.15—Christmas Carols.
8.45—Caravan Players.
9.0—Christmas and the Flying Angel.
9.30—Choral Mass, relayed from Rome.
10.0—Nativity Play.
10.30—Bernard Crook Quintet.
10.45—Organ Voluntary from Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace.
11.0—Service, from Chapel Royal.
12.0 noon—Three Stories by Algeron Blackwood.
1.0—Time: News.
1.10—Orchestral Concert.
1.35—National and Popular Songs.
2.0—The Reginald King Trio.
2.15—Christmas scenes and Christmas greetings between the peoples of the Commonwealth.
2.45—Caravan Players.
3.0—The Forces in the British Isles and in the Commonwealth Overseas.
3.30—Narrator: Howard Marshall; produced by Laurence Gilliam.
3.45—Message to the Empire from the King.
4.0—Music for Christmas.
4.15—Competition: Songs in France v. Parents in England.

Boxing Day

- 391.1 METRES, 767 kc/s, and 449.1 METRES, 668 kc/s.
- 7.0 a.m.—Time: News.
7.10—Pianoforte Recital by Robert Collet.
7.30—Thought for Today.
7.45—Physical Exercises—Women.
8.0—Comedy Harmonists.
8.0—Time: News.
8.15—Tudor Sextet.
8.45—Songs Recital by Meriel St. Clair (soprano) and Roland Houson (baritone).
9.15—Reginald Porter-Brown at the Organ.
9.45—Falkman and his Apache Band, with Annala Nagel.
10.15—The Daily Service.
10.30—A Grass-Widower Keeps House, by Richard L. Sharp.
10.45—Violin Recital by Alfred Cave.
11.0—For the School—Singing Together.
11.20—Orchestral Concert.
12.0 noon—Male Quartette, Mystery Play.
12.30 p.m.—Billy Tennent and his Sweet Rhythm Orchestra.
1.0—Time: News.
1.10—Dennis Noble (baritone).
1.15—Steppes of the Hunter.
1.30—Handicaps: Commentary from Rags Meadow Racecourse, Windsor.
1.45—Trolie and his Mandoliers, with Percy Manchester.

READ THIS FIRST

IN a broken-down house of a Portuguese village in West Africa was born to the English wife of COUNT LOUSADA a daughter named Héon. Because they believed that his disappointment that the child was not a son would kill the count, who at the time was suffering from a stroke, MADAM PERRON, his sister, and her son, JOSE PERRON, conspired to pass off the child as a boy. They had other reasons, too, concerned with a mysterious treasure, the secret of which they believed Lousada would reveal only to the son he had hoped and prayed for. And so with the passing of time, Lousada, now an incurable invalid, accepted the girl as a son. Meanwhile, KEITH HARDING, a rich and successful London physician, whom Romance has so far passed by, is on a visit to West Africa. There, while deputising for another doctor, he meets Héon and, learning something of her strange story, decides to get to the bottom of the business, because he has already fallen in love with her. Later, Harding meets Héon's father, the old and crippled count, who thanks him for the attention he has given to his "son."

DAUGHTER of MYSTERY



HEON DA LOUSADA

tude for the way he had passed off the incident, none was vouched for. Héon did not once glance in his direction, but stood at the head of the couch, making no attempt at conversation.

When Harding left the yacht he had had no intention of billeting himself on the castle, but now the invitation had come he found himself accepting it.

Lousada would have sent across for his luggage there and then, but he rose, promising to return in a few hours when he had arranged matters on the vessel.

"I can't speak it," she said, "and I can't understand very much, I can read it, that's all. I don't know any more than what I've picked up from books."

"You'll have to let me give you lessons in conversation then," Harding replied.

Conversation isn't Héon's strong point—as I think you've found out," Perron put in with meaning.

"To give the boy his due, in learning he's not behind the rest of us," Lousada remarked.

"The Lousadas were never great scholars, nor particularly brilliant—especially the men," Madame Perron commented.

Birthright

The thrust hidden in her remark left the Englishman mentally smiling.

"Don't belittle the boy," Lousada said sharply.

Harding listened to it all as the candles played their rainbow game in the hanging glass shades, the light in turn playing hide and seek in the blotched old mirrors; and only the scent of the roses wafted in on each breath of the sighing night wind—the one thing that belonged to his own world—kept him from thinking he was not in the midst of some fantastic dream.

In the course of time he rose, wondering what sort of a sleeping chamber this crumbling old castle, that in one swoop had taken him back to the Middle Ages, would show him.

Perron got up also, to do the honours of life house and take the guest to his room. But the action stirred up his uncle's quickly roused temper.

"Sit down, José," he thundered. "The boy must learn that he is the head of the house. You're for ever taking his place, as if your one idea were to rob him of his birthright."

The speech brought a dull flush to Madame Perron's face.

"José has been the head of the house for so long that he sometimes forgets that his cousin is growing up," she said quickly.

However, Héon had risen, and stood waiting until the guest was ready. Then, without a word, she turned towards the door.

On the table outside, under the light of the lamp in the hall, the candles were standing, in dully-gleaming brass holders.

As she went to them, and stood lighting one, out of the shadows, with the little, noiseless grace of a panther, a young man came—a picturesque figure in loose white cotton shirt and trousers, with a broad blue silk cummerbund of the family.

Howe Lousada, enlightened him.

"My sister is complimenting her son on his English," he said suavely; "Héon's mother was English and, though I don't understand the language at all, he knows it very well."

This was news to Harding.

"You never told me you could speak English Héon," he said, glancing across at the silent girl.

"The boy is not a boaster," Lousada put in, as if Harding had the power to make him see all the good points of his unsatisfactory offspring.

Héon looked up from her book.

abruptly, as Héon led the way down the dark, echoing hall.

"That's Miguel," she responded briefly.

Nothing more was said as they went up wide, worn stone steps, where rough walls glistened damply, and along dark lengths of corridors, with open, leaded windows and deep embrasures,

where slabs of moonlight fell.

Outside one of the several heavy doors with great rusty iron bolts and hinges, she paused.

Pushing it open, she went forward, into a big room with bare, white-washed walls, the most prominent feature of which was a huge four-post bed in black oak, with purple velvet hangings, on which, embroidered in gold, were the arms of the Lousadas.

Going into the middle of the room, Héon put the candle down on a table there. Then she turned, facing him, as if to make some speech that must be said, albeit unwillingly.

Restraint

"It's my father's wish that you should stay. I hope you'll be comfortable here."

Conscious that the atmosphere of the place had mounted into his head, Harding went a little closer to her, into the ring of light where she was standing.

"And you, Héon? Have you no wish that I should stay?"

"Your interference has made everything doubly hard."

"Have you no idea why I interfered?"

"I know quite well," she answered with a directness that, until he found out on what lines her mind was running, surprised him. "You wanted to find out where we lived, as a further step towards getting the treasure."

The treasure had passed from his mind. Her mention of it made his mouth twitch.

In that case isn't it better for me to be here where you can keep an eye on me, than wandering loose in search of your pet preserves?" he asked with a gravity he was far from feeling.

She said nothing. Shadows flitted listening in the dark depths of the gloomy room. The place was full of the soft sigh of a wandering wind, sweet with the scent of orange blossoms that came in gentle puffs in at the open windows through which night stared with purple eyes, watching the two in the great golden hoop cast around them by the candle.

Annoyance

As Harding waited for her to speak, he tried to argue with himself that she was only a child, and that there was no need to quarrel with her. A moment or later the tropic night was throbbing with the strains of a guitar, and the sound of a caressing southern voice singing.

In a moody, angry way he set about his unpacking.

What were they about to let the girl do out there alone with that half-bred negro at an hour well past midnight? No one cared what happened to her. He had had good proof of that in finding her alone in that scratch crowd in Grand Caenn.

With this further worry on his mind, Harding went to bed. But the strumming of the guitar and the smiles that had been cast on the singer spoilt his night completely.

A nervous hand, that told so plainly of a life of constant strain, started toying with the cloth on the table pinching it up into little ridges and then letting them out again.

"I...I hadn't thought of that," he said gently. "I may prove a blessing in disguise. Giving you courage just when your own is failing."

He pushed his case, at the same time finding a salve for his conscience. He knew he had no business there, since she had let him see so plainly that he was not wanted.

With a brief good-night, Héon left him.

After closing the door behind her, he lighted a lamp standing on the table. However, he did not set about unpacking his trunk in the brisk way he usually did such things. Instead he shuffled articles from this place to that aimlessly, as though too full of thought to know what he was doing. Finally he went to one of the windows with a hope that the soft moist air would ease his aching heart.

Serenade

There was a square below, a place of high walls about which tufts of long, strange grass grew, waving vaguely in the breeze; a little courtyard where a tree of orange trees stood, and round red blossoms of a pomegranate gleamed like drops of live blood in the luminous light of a drooping amber moon. At one point a great cascade of some coloured creeper dipped over an arch where a rusty iron gate led into a far-reaching garden.

From a room beneath a light was streaming. The flare fell on a young man's swarthy, negro-tinted face and lithe, slender, graceful form, as he leant 'dly against the pomegranate tree, tuning in an indolent way a red ribbed guitar. His eyes were fixed fondly on a little figure in white sitting on an old stone seat, who was talking to him with a profusion of smiles that had never fallen to Harding's lot.

Feeling that he was eavesdropping, Harding drew away. A moment or later the tropic night was throbbing with the strains of a guitar, and the sound of a caressing southern voice singing.

In a moody, angry way he set about his unpacking.

What were they about to let the girl do out there alone with that half-bred negro at an hour well past midnight? No one cared what happened to her. He had had good proof of that in finding her alone in that scratch crowd in Grand Caenn.

With this further worry on his mind, Harding went to bed. But the strumming of the guitar and the smiles that had been cast on the singer spoilt his night completely.

TO BE CONTINUED
(Copyright by Mills and Boon, Ltd.)

Femininity

As the guest seated himself, Perron pushed the cigarettes across. Harding took one, but he did not pass the box to the silent reader on the sofa. He was beginning to enjoy the situation; its absurdity left him full of inward mirth, especially as he had very soon seen that he could have a soothing effect on the father's fuming temper.

From experience, Count I know your son doesn't smoke," he said, putting the box back on the table.

"The boy has no vices," Lousada grumbled. "I wish he had. Life might put a bit of life into him."

"I did my best to train my cousin up in the one simple vice of cigarette smoking," Perron said in English.

"But it was no use—a handicap rather. You could spot it as woman's smoke a mile off."

His mother looked up from her fancy work, glancing at him. He was saying.

"Don't talk in that outlandish gibberish," she said sharply in Portuguese. Harding wondered what she was saying, French being the official language of the family.

Howe Lousada, enlightened him.

"My sister is complimenting her son on his English," he said suavely; "Héon's mother was English and, though I don't understand the language at all, he knows it very well."

This was news to Harding.

"You never told me you could speak English Héon," he said, glancing across at the silent girl.

"The boy is not a boaster," Lousada put in, as if Harding had the power to make him see all the good points of his unsatisfactory offspring.

Héon looked up from her book.

Petulance

But after one quick glance at the boyish figure in the white drill suit and the scarlet tie and cummerbund, Harding looked away again.

"Where have you been skulking?" Lousada demanded at his offspring's appearance. Considering the debt you owe Dr. Harding, why hadn't you the common decency to invite him here yourself? And why hadn't you the courtesy to come and welcome him now he is here? Mother of God, boy! are you going to add ill-manners to your many shortcomings? Has politeness to be drilled into you as well as every other manly instinct?"

In spite of the warning he had received this unexpected shower of abuse left Harding quivering.

"Your son and I had a difference of opinion, Count," he said quickly. "He wouldn't have me much hurt, and objected to me hauling him back home on my boat, preferring the somewhat limited accommodation of his own, which I considered most unsuitable for him in his condition. I had some difficulty in overruling his objections. If indeed I did. We've not yet buried the hatchet, have we—Héon?"

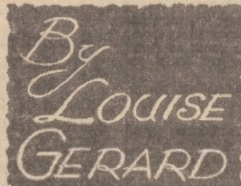
"The boy's no sybarite for all his delicacy and his aunt's constant pampering," Lousada said, as if the episode pleased him.

If Harding expected any look of gratitude from the count, he was disappointed.

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If Harding expected any look of gratitude from the count, he was disappointed.

If Harding expected any look of gratitude from the count, he was disappointed.



By LOUISE GERARD

THE PEOPLE'S X-WORD

MUST BE WON

2ND RUNNERS-UP EACH RECEIVE A BOX FILLED WITH SEASONABLE GOODS

4 ATTEMPTS 1ST 4 ATTEMPTS 6TH

CONDITIONS Here is the second announcement of the contest of "The People's" Great Two-week Crossword Offer No. 181.

You are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing the puzzle with the guidance of the Clues provided. Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following: The Editor of "The People," Dr. J. J. Mallon, G. H. L. J. P., and Mr. James Milne, the famous literary critic.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-form has completed the Puzzle and has given what is the opinion of the Adjudication Committee is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning puzzle-square.

The First Prize-winner will receive £1,500 cash, £100 at any point in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy then competitors there given words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied for this prize, which will be duly indicated when RESULT AND WINNING PUZZLE-SQUARE APPEAR ON SUNDAY JANUARY 1ST 1940.

Extracts from the findings of the Committee will be published in "The People's World," obtainable as directed in Part Three. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may be accepted will be conducted in accordance with the Runners-up Prizes. In the event of a tie or ties for the First Prize, £1,500 Cash Prize will be equally divided. No competitor can win more than one prize or share of the Prize.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of "The People" in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted, and is really binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

ABBREVIATED RULES Competitors must complete puzzle in ordinary ink, using block letters. Entry-forms must be completed and signed in person by the competitor. The correct name and permanent address must be given. Entry fee for one or two squares is SIXPENCE. For three or four squares send ONE SHILLING. For each square further squares send SIXPENCE up to a limit of 24 squares SIX SHILLINGS. MAKE POSTAL ORDER PAYABLE TO ODHAMS PRESS LTD. AND CROSS IT AS CO. WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS AND DATE OF POSTING ON BACK OF P.O. AND FILL IN NUMBER UPON ENTRY FORM. Place square and Postal Order in envelope bearing the correct postage. Envelope must be sealed. Entries delivered by hand will not be accepted. Family entries of the same surname and address may be sent in one envelope. This Competition also appeared last week and it is a two weeks' competition. An competitor may submit more than one Entry Form (4 coupons) from any one house of "The People," making two Entry Forms (8 coupons) over the two weeks. In addition to these, each entrant may submit two Entry Forms (4 coupons) for which the prize is £100. Competitors submitting more than this number will be disqualified and Entry Fees forfeited. Competitors' entries for both weeks may be sent in together. Keep a copy of your entries.

CLUES DOWN

- As far as this is concerned it usually takes a good deal of collecting to get it in one gulp.
- May be seen in a garden.
- Fellow who is always ready to run.
- Island at Port Kane.
- Middle of package.
- You'll probably be able to swallow this in one gulp.
- This is usually milled.
- One may be aneling for something when one is on the this.
- Awkward.
- Disposes of for money, etc.
- In a band way.
- Middle of diet.
- One could easily lose a pound or so on a this.
- Patire.
- Trial.

THE PEOPLE'S X-WORD

FINAL ENTRY FORM

I AGREE that I shall be deemed to have full knowledge of all Rules and Conditions governing this Competition and to abide by them and to accept as final and legally binding the decision of the Adjudication Committee in all other matters relating to this Competition, which is governed by the Rules and Conditions of the Competition.

I enclose P.O. No.

Value
Signed
(State whether Mr., Miss or Miss.)
Address

ENTRY FORM 181

COUPON M

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

ENTRY FORM 181

COUPON N

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

IF TWO COUPONS M AND N ARE SUBMITTED CUT DOWN DOTTED LINE IN CENTRE OF SQUARES, IF M, N, O, P CUT WHERE INDICATED

GREAT NEW YEAR PROSPERITY X-WORD

FINAL COUPON. CLOSING DATE 1ST POST SAT. DEC. 30

ENTRY FORM 181

COUPON M

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

ENTRY FORM 181

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

IF TWO COUPONS M AND N ARE SUBMITTED CUT DOWN DOTTED LINE IN CENTRE OF SQUARES, IF M, N, O, P CUT WHERE INDICATED

20 Years Ago, In Vienna, Hitler's Sister Said—

"I WONDER IF THE MAN IS SANE"

Edward Lyndoe's Predictions

PLAN
WITH THE
PLANETSCrisis Days
For Stalin!

SO FAR AS I CAN SEE, CHRISTMAS CONDITIONS ARE LIKELY TO BE AVERAGE, IN SPITE OF THE WAR, AND THERE IS NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULD NOT SPEND THE HOLIDAY IN YOUR USUAL WAY.

Soon afterwards you can look forward to a period of increased optimism regarding international affairs. I have always insisted that the League of Nations was not nearly so "dead" as some people imagined.

Signs within the next week or two of strong action by the Powers and an effort to sponsor a remodelled League.

NEWS this week will be chiefly concerned with a crop of strange rumours regarding Stalin and his associates. There is evidence of an internal crisis in the Soviet Union.

HOW WE ALL STAND THIS WEEK

(Look for your birth date below to find your section)

TODAY

MONEY will not figure among your problems this year, and there is a much healthier tone in this respect than for some years past.

TOMORROW

Interesting developments are due, especially in your private affairs, and Christmas Day next year should find you in a much stronger position altogether.

TUESDAY

Rather a difficult year, I am afraid, and you will need to make your plans on a rather conservative estimate of the possibilities of progress.

WEDNESDAY

Interesting year with plenty of incident and excitement. At the same time there are signs of some heavy opposition to your plans, especially from older people.

THURSDAY

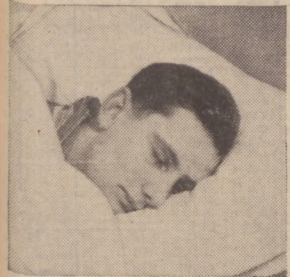
Financially this is a year which stands out well above the average. Sound returns can be expected from most forms of business activity.

DON'T LET WORRY
SPOIL YOUR SLEEPLet medical experience
be your guide

ONLY the complete relaxation of sound sleep can maintain steady nerves; but unusual stress in daily life unsettles nerves and makes healthy sleep difficult. You can help to relax nervous tension and get your necessary quota of sound sleep by taking a few simple precautions. A hot bath before retiring

—a really comfortable bed—plenty of fresh air—all these are helpful. But it is essential that your stomach should have something to work on during the night; something light and easily digestible. Bourn-vita is the ideal nightcap and its delicate blend of milk, eggs, malt and cocoa is tuned to the most delicate digestion.

If you are to wake really refreshed—with sound nerves ready to tackle a new day's problems—you must have your sleep out! Sleep restores you... that's why Bourn-vita restores you. It's as simple as that and in times like this you need Bourn-vita more than ever. Remember, Bourn-vita is a highly nourishing food, too. Make sure you have a stock of it in the house.



MAKE SOUND SLEEP...



... YOUR DAILY DEFENCE

SLEEP DEPENDS ON NERVES
Among the aids made use of by medical science for the maintenance of the normal equilibrium in the nervous system are Calcium, Phosphorus, and Vitamin B. All these are therefore included in the scientific formula of Bourn-vita. Bourn-vita strengthens nerves while you are awake and further strengthens nerves by its ability to promote deep and restful sleep.

MADE BY
CADBURYS

Still

9d per ¼ lb

1/5 per ½ lb

CADBURYS BOURN-VITA

PUTS YOU RIGHT THE NIGHT BEFORE

SHE HAD NO
FOOD, BUT HE
ASKED MONEY

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

ALMOST 20 YEARS AGO, WHEN HITLER WAS AN UNKNOWN MAN, OUT OF WORK AND SHABBILY CLAD, HIS SISTER SAID TO ANOTHER WOMAN: "SOMETIMES I ASK MYSELF IF THE POOR MAN IS QUITE SANE."

Yesterday, Frau Hahn, an Austrian now living in London, told me of the occasion when that remark was made.

SHE DRAWS
THE VEIL

DIANA WARD, who is appearing with Will Hay in "Somewhere in England" which opens on Boxing Day at the Lyric Theatre.

The time was the year 1920; The Place was a house in Schumacherstr., Vienna, where Hitler's sister kept lodgings.

Frau Hahn was having tea one day with a friend who rented two rooms in the house when Hitler's sister came in.

ALMOST IN TEARS

She was almost in tears, and said that her brother, Hitler, had come in, and she had nothing in the house to give him for tea.

Frau Hahn's friend provided some food and the two women were introduced to Hitler.

"He was a funny person," Frau Hahn told me yesterday. "He was thin, pale and unshaven. He had a small, untidy moustache. His coat was shabby."

"Making a low and clumsy bow, he muttered a few words, keeping his eyes fixed on the floor."

"When he lifted his eyes, his gaze was so unpleasant that I could hardly bring myself to shake hands with him."

"Later his sister told my friend that she was worried about him, because he refused to try to find work and borrowed money from her, although she was poor."

"Sometimes she complained to him. But his only reply was:

"Don't worry. One day I shall have more money and more power than the Kaiser had."

READER'S £2,072

SUCCESS WITH

"PEOPLE" COUPON

One of the most delighted men in Britain last week was Mr. F. Newton, of Arkwright-st., Bradford, who had cut a Unity Pool coupon from "The People" and received a Penny Points Pool dividend of £2,072 3s. 2d.

Mr. Newton is a transport worker who has been married for 30 years and has a daughter and a married son.

Mr. Newton has been a regular entrant in football pools for some years, but until he pulled off this big coup his best win had been about £13. He is going to invest his £2,072.

FOR SPORTS FANS

A complete and detailed record of all holiday racing in England and Ireland, football, greyhound racing and all other sports fixtures will appear in next Wednesday's issue of "The Sporting Life," the only all-sports daily newspaper.

Two Letters To A Wife

ADMIRALTY'S
WAS WRONG

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

A FEW HOURS AFTER RECEIVING A CHEERY CARD FROM HER HUSBAND, A SURVIVOR OF THE RAWALPINDI, SAYING HE WAS SAFE BUT TAKEN PRISONER TO GERMANY, MRS. MARY MINSHAW, OF CAULFIELD-RD., EAST HAM, HAD A LETTER FROM THE ADMIRALTY.

This referred to her dependent's allowance on the assumption of her husband's death.

Mrs. Minshaw wired her family as soon as she received her card, and a Christmas celebration party was arranged at her son's home at Barking.

"When the Admiralty letter arrived," Mrs. Minshaw told me, "I was terribly worried and did not know which to believe."

"I determined not to tell the rest of the family because I did not want to spoil the party, but then a friend persuaded me to let him ring up the Admiralty on my behalf."

"They soon set my fears at rest by congratulating me and explaining that the letter I received from them was only a matter of routine concerning my money."

"They said that they knew the names

of other survivors in Germany only by similar cards to relatives."

"I shall enjoy my Christmas now that I know my husband is alive."

Despite his age—he is fifty-six—Minshaw was a volunteer with the Rawalpindi. He has been going to sea for well over 20 years.

ANSWERS TO TEASERS

Here are the Answers to Teasers appearing at foot of this page:—

- (1) Limerick. (7) The Garter.
- (2) Mohair. (8) Pearl.
- (3) Hawk. (9) Hogmanay.
- (4) Pedometer. (10) Domino.
- (5) Lime. (11) Bonnet.
- (6) Crook.

WHAT SAY YOU?

Twelve Ten-Second Teasers

- 1.—It's a county in the Irish Free State; it's a town of the same county; it's a nonsense verse usually of five lines. What is it?
- 2.—It's the hair of the angora goat; it's a fabric made from it; it's an imitation of this fabric in cotton and wool. What is it?
- 3.—It's a horse used for general purposes; it's a literary drudge; it's the result of a kick sometimes experienced in football. What is it?
- 4.—It's an instrument for measuring the distance covered on foot; it registers the number of steps taken; it's generally carried in the pocket. Name it.
- 5.—It's a popular tree in towns and cities; it's a variety of fruit; it's a necessary dressing for the soil. What is it?
- 6.—It's a bent or curved instrument; it's a

- shepherd's or bishop's staff; it's a thief; it's a swindler. What is it?
- 7.—It's the badge of the highest order of British knighthood; it was instituted by Edward III; it's the order itself. What is it?
- 8.—It's a variety of barley; it's a kind of oyster; it's a class of diver. What is it?
- 9.—It's a bird of prey; it's a rapacious person; it's a sharper. What is it?
- 10.—It's a term familiar in Scotland; it designates the last day of the year; it's an entertainment or present given on that day. What is it?
- 11.—This is also a term frequently used in Scotland; it's a pedagogue; it's a schoolmaster. What is it?
- 12.—It's a head-covering; it's worn by men; it's worn by women; it's part of a motor-car. What is it?

(ANSWERS ABOVE, IN COLUMN FIVE.)

BRIGHTER BRITAIN

NOW that Christmas is here again, don't mope and don't grope. Keep the darkness in its proper place. Why not remove all those depressing little gloom-producing lamps and replace them with brighter lights to cheer the festive season. Flood the home with light—glowing here—softly shaded there. Even in these expensive days *electric light is cheap*: indeed, ample light in many a home costs less than the daily paper. And, remember, the Government has already told you that you can use as much electricity now as you did in peace time.

AND, not electric light alone to raise the family spirits—switch on the radio for the carols: switch on the electric iron for those final touches to the Christmas finery: switch on the electric kettle for tea or what you fancy: switch on the electric refrigerator for seasonable delicacies—to preserve the Christmas "overs"—and to save food all the year round: switch on electric hot water for a refreshing and reinvigorating bath. Switch on to health and cheerfulness. Do your bit, and let Electricity help you, to make Britain brighter.



ELECTRICITY

IS MAKING

BRITAIN BRIGHTER

P.S. If your Christmas turkey or the roast beef of Old England is cooked by electricity, your happiness will then be complete.

E.D.A.

IN A FEW MINUTES
YOU CAN BECOME A

PIANO PLAYER

NOW 9d.

ONLY POST FREE.

No previous knowledge required. Easily fit in the pocket. Full instructions given.

Be the Life of every Party!

Delightful or money back.

M. & O. Services (Dept. 5), 16, Barter St., London, W.C.1.

SMALL BOTTLE

8d

FOR GREY HAIR

SHADEINE

is safe, sure and simple to use; one liquid, nothing to wash, no dandruff, no itching, no irritation, 40 years' reputation; sold in all natural tint; state colour. See Medical Certificate enclosed.

AT ALL CHEMISTS OR

Small bottle 8d., post 10d. Shadeine Co., Dept. F., 1/4 size, post 1/6; 2/6, post 4/6, Churchfield Road, Acton, W.3.

2 hours' steady
nourishment
for 2d

FOUR big water biscuits, oven-crisp and crunchy: a lacing of the finest butter and creamy milk chocolate in between, and a thick coating of milk chocolate all round! Isn't that the most amazing and worth you ever heard of? And, you know, this particular type of chocolate block produces a slower rise of blood-sugar which gives you longer endurance and staying power. That's why we call Chocolate Crisp the biggest little meal in Britain. It gives you energy to make a good job of whatever you're doing.

THE BIGGEST LITTLE
MEAL IN BRITAIN! 2d

LONG ACRE TELLS YOU ABOUT FOOTBALL LEAGUE

Long Acre's Xmas Box

LONG ACRE brought off the 10 results coup in Unity Pools yesterday. Last Sunday he named Bournemouth, Swindon, Liverpool, Manchester U., C. Orient, W.B.A., Aberdeen, Kilmarnock, Bolton and Preston — no alternatives, notice as his ten. They were a winning combination.

In the 12 results pool, Long Acre correctly forecast 9 correct in one line, and one match was postponed, his followers will take a third dividend.

Quite a good crop of goals in the long North Eastern games. Huddersfield and Newcastle each scored four goals, while the latter played 10 men throughout the second half and got the winning goal a few minutes from the end.

These wartime games seem to have developed a habit of producing last and last minute goals. (Gives them a name) they were again poor, by the way) something to talk about.

THE day's programme was checked by the weather in the South. "Poor visibility," our friend "Quarterly" would say. In other words, fog and frost. Four games were never started, and none of the five South Eastern games would count in the records, for one was postponed and the other four abandoned in the second half. The Millwall team were held up on the way to Norwich. They arrived already dressed and an hour late. It was agreed to play 35 minutes each way, but all that hurry and scurry could not save the game to a definite conclusion.

THIS postponing and abandoning a peculiar position. The League has a rule which says that a "short ration" must be made to be replaced, but at the same time they have already decided that, apart from holly, no mid-week matches shall be played. A further complication is that all the South "A" and "B" have filled their Saturday dates starting in February.

MEANWHILE, clubs concerned have already fixed up new dates. The Quakers' match with v. Reading will be played on New Year's Day, and Notts County v. Notts Forest takes place on January 20. Harking back to the Football League's 75th anniversary, the 35 guinea fine imposed on Charlton for paying players £2 in friendly matches.

CHARLTON protested vigorously against the fine, and when the League learned that other clubs had acted similarly, the penalty was withdrawn. This, by the way, took place before the League programme was started, and at a time when there was no rule to guide clubs concerning players' payments.

AND that, I think, is all. I don't think I've forgotten anything except, of course, to wish you Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

GREYHOUND RACING

CESAREWITCH AT WEST HAM IN NEW YEAR

THE Cesarewitch—middle distance greyhound classic which is usually run at West Ham before Christmas has not yet been decided. This is West Ham's biggest race of the season, and I understand that they hope to make arrangements for it to run early in the New Year.

WATFORD—2.15—Back Bay (5-1), T. 31, 2.26—Willie (4-1), T. 31, 2.41—Alarm (evens), T. 11, 2.44—Knock (6-4), T. 6, 2.47—Doubtful (3-1), T. 31, 2.54—T. 31, 3.00—Jazz-Joy (2-1), T. 4, 3.04—T. 31, 3.05—T. 31, 3.06—T. 31, 3.07—T. 31, 3.08—T. 31, 3.09—T. 31, 3.10—T. 31, 3.11—T. 31, 3.12—T. 31, 3.13—T. 31, 3.14—T. 31, 3.15—T. 31, 3.16—T. 31, 3.17—T. 31, 3.18—T. 31, 3.19—T. 31, 3.20—T. 31, 3.21—T. 31, 3.22—T. 31, 3.23—T. 31, 3.24—T. 31, 3.25—T. 31, 3.26—T. 31, 3.27—T. 31, 3.28—T. 31, 3.29—T. 31, 3.30—T. 31, 3.31—T. 31, 3.32—T. 31, 3.33—T. 31, 3.34—T. 31, 3.35—T. 31, 3.36—T. 31, 3.37—T. 31, 3.38—T. 31, 3.39—T. 31, 3.40—T. 31, 3.41—T. 31, 3.42—T. 31, 3.43—T. 31, 3.44—T. 31, 3.45—T. 31, 3.46—T. 31, 3.47—T. 31, 3.48—T. 31, 3.49—T. 31, 3.50—T. 31, 3.51—T. 31, 3.52—T. 31, 3.53—T. 31, 3.54—T. 31, 3.55—T. 31, 3.56—T. 31, 3.57—T. 31, 3.58—T. 31, 3.59—T. 31, 3.60—T. 31, 3.61—T. 31, 3.62—T. 31, 3.63—T. 31, 3.64—T. 31, 3.65—T. 31, 3.66—T. 31, 3.67—T. 31, 3.68—T. 31, 3.69—T. 31, 3.70—T. 31, 3.71—T. 31, 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